

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE



F E B R U A R Y

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Vol. XIX.

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The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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No 4



Photo by A. J. Tolson, D.L.S.

ONE WAY OF MARKING THE BOUNDARY
SHOWING HOW A FORT IS CUT THROUGH THE TREES

Marking the Alaskan Boundary

By

J. D. CRAIG, D.L.S.

"HOW do you mark the boundary?" There is probably no question more often asked in connection with the task of defining the exact line where one passes from under the protection of the Union Jack to where Old Glory holds sway

in that northwestern corner of North America which at one time belonged to Russia. It was in 1903 in London that the famous Alaska Tribunal met, and its proceedings, which have now gone down into history, settled on paper just where the dividing line be-

15



SOME VARIETIES OF THE SERVICES OF THE ALASKAN BOUNDARY

COLLEGE SOUTH FIVE SIGNAL
"WU-WU-WU" SIGNALS AT A PLACE

RAKE SIGNAL AFTER A SNOW
OVERVIEW IS A BUCKY SCENE

between Canada and Alaska should be. The work of transferring this line from paper to the ground was delegated to the Governments of Canada and the United States, and has been going on as rapidly as possible since the summer of 1904, when the first parties took the field for the purpose of definitely and finally marking the line. Some years previously, joint

parties of Americans and Canadians had spent several seasons gathering data from which were made maps showing the topography of the country through which the line would pass. It was on these maps that the Tribunal marked the line, after hearing the evidence brought forth by Canada and the United States, and after much discussion and much poring over old documents. A blue cross here or there on the maps was easily enough put on or removed, but until one has spent perhaps half a precious summer season in an attempt to reach some point represented by one of these little blue crosses, one cannot realize all that is implied in that simple question, "How do you mark the boundary?"

For the greater part of its fifteen hundred miles, the boundary traverses a country unsettled, unknown, and in some parts unapproachable. Of course, the line must be marked where the country is habitable or habitable, but it seems doubtful if certain other parts

of the country will ever again see a human being once the boundary surveyors have completed their work and have departed. However, it is not given to us mortals to see into the future, and the boundary is being marked as carefully and exactly through these apparently valueless wastes as it is in the precious gold-producing portions of the country.

The land section of the boundary divides itself naturally into two distinct parts, the southeastern or panhandle strip, and the 141st meridian. The southeastern portion is a series of comparatively short, straight lines joining an irregular line of points determined by the Tribunal, extending from the head of the Portland canal to Mount St. Elias, and approximately parallel to the coast, at a distance of about thirty miles from it. The boundary from St. Elias north follows the 141st meridian. The exact point at which this meridian crosses the Yukon river was first accurately

determined by a series of observations made jointly by representatives of the two Governments, and from there the meridian is being projected due south and north. The water section, from Cape Muzon at the most southerly end of Prince of Wales Island, to the head of the Portland canal, is easy of access and is a comparatively simple matter. The turning points of the line will be lo-



DISCOVERING ON A SNOW SUMMIT
ORIENTER AND RECORDER ARE ORIENTED BY A
WIND-BLENDED SET OF ALPHABETICS

cated by reference points on shore, the positions of which will be accurately determined.

The line is "marked" in three ways—by monuments, by cutting out the "vista," and by ascertaining the exact position of each of its turning points or angles. The monuments are placed on the line at all prominent points, such as the banks of rivers, the crossing of trails, or on the summits of ridges or mountain spurs on line. These monuments are of aluminum bronze, and two sizes are used. For the more important points a large one, weighing about two hundred and seventy-five pounds, five feet high, square in section, hollow, and tapering toward the top, is set in concrete, the whole weighing from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred pounds. For the minor or less accessible points a more portable monument, weighing about fifty-five pounds, is used. It is of the same material, a hollow cone three feet high, with four legs, which are either cemented into holes drilled in the solid rock or set in a bed of concrete. A "twenty-foot sky-line," or vista, is cut through all timber along the line. All trees, or branches of trees, within ten feet of the line on either side, are cut down, and as it is generally easier to cut down a whole tree than to climb it to cut off some overhanging branch, many trees are felled which are outside the ten-foot limit. This gash in the timber is very noticeable and remains prominently

visible for many years. The latitude, longitude, and altitude of all turning points on the line, and also of all monuments, are ascertained by connecting them by a system of triangulation, with points, the positions of which, have already been determined. At the same time data are obtained from which are constructed accurate maps, showing the topography of the country for two miles on each side of the line. The cost of this work is divided between the two Governments, and the work is done by joint parties of Canadian and American surveyors.

The great problem of the whole work is transport. Each year since 1904 a small army has attacked this work, taking along with it all the supplies for a season of from three to six months, a task by no means light when one considers the nature of the country through which the line passes. The rivers of the southeastern coast of Alaska, as a general rule, have their sources in Canada and flow



A BOUNDARY MONUMENT
KNOWING ON THE NORTH BANK OF THE YUKON RIVER
THE MARK THE BOUNDARY LINE



A SURVEYOR'S MONUMENT
AT SOME OF THE LOWER DIVISIONS, TIMBER CAN BE
USED FOR BUILDING ROAD

across the line through that part of Alaska into the waters of the Pacific. Canoes or boats on these rivers have been most commonly used to get to this section of the line. When canoes could be taken no further, it was usually a case of "back-packing," as the country is entirely too rough for horses. On the greater part of the work done thus far on the 141st meridian it has been possible to employ pack-horses for transport, thus simplifying matters somewhat, though this particular method of using "man's best friend" is by no means an unmixed joy.

One would almost think that Nature had reserved for the boundary survey a specially exasperating combination of conditions, possibly to impress on man the fact that he is merely man and only an incident (or accident?) in this great system of which Mother Earth forms such a small, but to us such an important, part. It seems a very simple proposition to use a river as a highway to the line, but canoeing on an Alaskan river is not as simple as one would think. For the most part these rivers are, except for a few miles near the coast, raging torrents, full of treacherous bars and hidden snags, and with many fine examples of the deadly sweeper, this latter term being applied to a tree or log projecting over the channel at or near the surface of the water. No more swift or certain method of swamping a boat or canoe has yet been devised than to get foul of one of these sweepers. Canoeing in such streams has enough excitement and danger in it to make it interesting, not to say fascinating, for the most exacting person. To realize this imagine a river such that during working up stream all day with a load and making from eight to ten miles, the return trip light is often made in from half to three-quarters of an hour.

In a country as hilly as this, most of the triangulation stations are, necessarily on prominent summits anywhere from thirty-five hundred to seventy-five hundred or even eight thousand

feet above sea-level. Generally speaking, climbing to such points means a tedious trip with pack on back, through some miles of about the thickest underbrush one can imagine, pestered by myriads of flies, and with the ever-present "devil's club" doing its best with its millions of poisonous spines, to make life miserable for all who come within its mighty grasp. Or, who, maybe, to reach the station one has to travel over miles of glacier, broken and crevassed, crossing treacherous snow bridges, everyone roped together to avoid, if possible, or at least to lessen the danger of, a bad slip. The mountains themselves afford opportunity for all degrees of climbing, from a "walk" up a gentle slope, to a "tooth and eyebrow" proposition on some rocky precipice. After all this the chances are more than even that the clouds will be so low or the "seeing" so poor that no observations can be made, and after spending a few hours in a vain attempt to keep warm a mile and a half above sea-level with no shelter, waiting on a chance of it clearing up, the return to camp is made, and after a night's rest the trip is repeated, unless, as frequently happens, the weather is so thick that it is practically useless even to make an attempt. Weeks are sometimes thus spent in an endeavor to make one station.

With such high stations it can easily be seen that a practically perfect day is needed to observe angles and to secure photographs. Records of a number of years' work on the southeastern coast show that twenty-five days in an average season of five months is about all that can be expected, and as these generally come in groups of two or three, it is often quite impossible to get from one station to another quickly enough to make use of them all to advantage. On the more northern portion of the work the shortness of the season is a great obstacle to rapid progress, this feature becoming yearly more noticeable as the work nears the Arctic coast. Up here, too, are

miles of "nigger-head" flats, imagine a mass of mushroom-shaped clods of muck and intertwined marsh grasses thickly distributed over a swampy flat with from one to three feet of water on it. These nigger-heads are so unstable and yielding that it is practically impossible to walk on top of them, and an attempt to find footing between them is equally futile. The only way to make any progress is to simply "wallow" along. As a legitimate excuse for profanity, this stands far above its nearest rival—driving a train of pack-horses or mules.

However, life in the field is not a continuous series of trials and tribulations as one might be led to believe. The "lure of the wild" is still strong in the average human being, and the discomforts and mishaps of a day's work, which loom up so gigantic at the moment, are forgotten immediately they are over, and the joy of an evening in camp round a roaring fire, with the consciousness of a good day's work well done, more than compensates for the trials of the day. And on returning to civilization one remembers the wonderful and glorious views from the mountain-tops, the many beautiful spots in valleys and on hillside never before seen by man, the exhilaration of shooting some rapid, or the excitement of a hunt with the prospects of a change in camp from the everlasting bacon to fresh meat, for sheep, goat, moose and caribou are all plentiful on various sections of the line. If a thought is given to a particularly bad glacier, or a treacherous river, or to hours spent fighting through underbrush, or to some peak which stubbornly resisted being climbed, it is with the joy of conquest, and these are taken as mere incidents in the great work of "getting the line through."



AN UNINVITING, BUT NEARLY THE POINT WHERE THE 141ST MERIDIAN CROSSES THE PACE OF THE RIVER, CONTAINING FLATS OF THE ARCTIC COAST



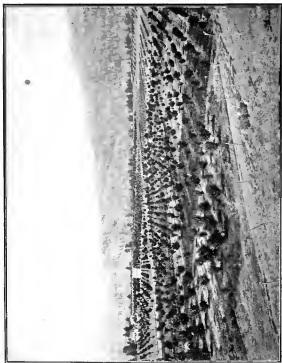
Photo by G. G. GORDON
A SEA OF CLOUDS
LOW CLOUDS, FRONTAL VIEW TALKING, 1000 FT. INCREASE WITH THE WIND



Photo by J. M. BROWN
AN ALASKAN RIVER
DOWN-FLAT VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN, BEARING THE RIVER FROM NEAR THE BOUNDARY LINE TO THE WATER



Photo by J. M. BROWN
A TYPICAL MOUNTAIN VIEW
THE SMALL FLAT SHOW ROUTINARY FROM BETWEEN THE FART AND MOUNTAIN RIVERS



SUMMERLAND THIS ACRES TRICKY LATE ON JONES PLAY

THE PROMOTER OF THE OKANAGAN

By Julian Webb



J. M. ROBINSON

Among the sons of Canada who have done so much to discover and exploit the potentialities of the Dominion, none is worthier of eulogy than J. M. Robinson, of Summerland, B. C., whose foresight, patriotism and unbounded enthusiasm have served largely to bring the Okanagan Valley of British Columbia into the lime light.

Mr. Robinson is an old Wellington County boy. Thirty years ago, ignoring the cheerful predictions of the timid, as to the lifting of his scalp, he fared forth into the little known west. He reached Winnipeg before the C. P. R.; taught school for a while; got caught in the memorable boom of '81 and '82; drifted into journalism in Portage la Prairie, securing control of the Review, still the oldest journal in the west, outside of Winnipeg, and proceeded as most newspaper men do, to make himself useful in his day and generation. In '86 he was elected to the local House, as member for Woodland, in which riding he had taught school. About

this time he served three years as grand master of the Orange Order and established another thriving journal, The Times, in the neighboring City of Brandon. He also served the public as a member of the Provincial Board of Education and in other ways. Eighteen years of his life were thus given to Manitoba during that trying period of re-

construction, which followed that wild discounting of the future under the rainbow arch of speculative mania.

Years of public life brought an ever widening circle of acquaintance and a deepening knowledge of social conditions. One fact that impressed him in those days was the number of subscribers to his paper who took to themselves wings and flew as an eagle toward California, Colorado, or some other sunny clime. The reason usually assigned was the too rigorous climate in Manitoba. There were always regrets about having to leave the old flag, but "needs must" when the doctor says

THE PROMOTER OF THE OKANAGAN



J. M. ROBINSON FIRST FIGURE ON THE LEFT ON BOARD HIS MOTOR BOAT "LILY OF THE VALLEY."

little Billy must have a change of air or go to sleep under the daisies.

Happening in 1897 into the then all but unknown Okanagan Valley in pursuit of other business, he was surprised, pained and delighted to find magnificent peaches, apricots and other tender fruits rotting on the isolated bottom land ranches by the lake shores and great reaches of upland, called "benches," covered with scattered pines and sagebrush and given over to grazing, when privately owned, as being hopeless from an agricultural or horticultural standpoint. In that arid waste his quick eye saw boundless possibilities and forthwith he made up his mind to do his part toward turning the tide of emigration from the interior toward the sunset province, rightly judging that Canadians go to California when they must, because they do not know that Canada has a California of her own.

Acquiring a stretch of upland he sliced it into ten acre fruit lots, brought to them the vivifying currents of neighboring creeks, induced the C.P.R. to co-operate with him in stopping the migration leak by giv-

ing a preferential rate to his little community called Peachland, and then went back to Manitoba to dispose of his lots among his friends. For so doing he was called a fakir.

If so he was a successful one, for the community grew. So did the fruit trees, and anything else the people planted. In three years things had shaped toward a remarkable success. His campaign had no indiscriminate advertising, and as a consequence a homogeneous class of people found their way to the community. Ten years later, in 1908, the land that sold at \$2.50 per acre for grazing sold again in its improved state as high as one thousand.

So much for the triumph of foresight, faith, patience, and a little capital. As faith gave place to sight, Mr. Robinson launched out on another and larger community enterprise, the one now known as Summerland. This more ambitious attempt to remove the reproach of the bench lands required considerable capital. The financial sympathy of Sir Thos. G. Shaughnessy, Mr. B. B. Oiler and some of their friends, was enlisted, one hundred

thousand dollars were spent in surveys, water system, etc., and as by magic a marvellous change came over the face of nature. In seven years the paths of wild cattle have given place to shaded roads. Where they grazed, 400,000 fruit trees, it is said, are now growing, and there is room in and around for as many more. Some of the highest honors in the world have been won by their fruit. Electric lights and water-works help to make life comfortable, while on the hill shines as an educational beacon light, Okanagan College, employing eight teachers and doing excellent work in Arts, Music, Business, Elocution and Physical Culture. The residents of Summerland are of the kind that appreciated such things, but "liquid refreshments" and police "bracelets" are at a discount. As yet no use has been formed for the latter in either community.

Mr. Robinson's success inspired others to follow in his wake. Throughout the hundred miles of

the Okanagan Valley they began to do likewise, and the flowing tide of the well-to-do Nor-Westers began to leave the sides of the valley of dry bones throughout its whole extent.

Mr. Robinson's latest community, Narawata, lies three miles across the lake from Summerland. About 5,000 acres are tributary to it, and in his hands once more the desert begins to blossom as the rose. In this he rests content, his dream fulfilled, his two-fold ambition realized—to stop the leak of emigration and to prepare a place where tired business men of the North West might end their days under delightful climatic conditions in the pleasant and profitable pursuits of "the simple life," as found in the fine fruit culture of the Okanagan Valley of Canada. Of Canada, he it said, because it has a meaning, which far transcends the bounds of the beautiful province in which it happens to be located.



J. M. ROBINSON'S MOTOR BOAT "LILY OF THE VALLEY."



Miss Maud Allen

The Latest
Portrait of
the Famous
Canadian
Dancer.

A Message to Garcia*

By ELBERT HUBBARD

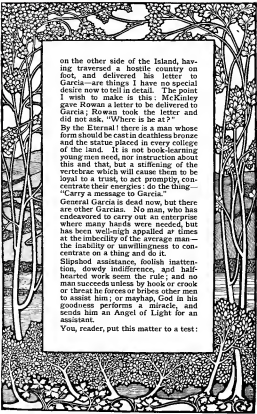
IN all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at Perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail nor telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his co-operation, and quickly.

What to do!

Some one said to the President, "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can." Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How the "fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oil-skin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out

*Reprinted by Special Request.



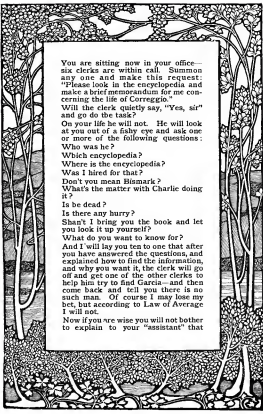
on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man, who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times at the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipsbod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant.

You, reader, put this matter to a test:



You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir" and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismark?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

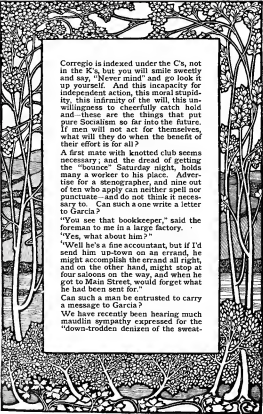
Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to Law of Average I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that



Corregio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind" and go look it up yourself. And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting the "bounce" Saturday night, holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

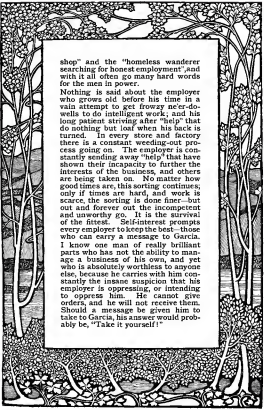
"You see that bookkeeper," said the foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up-town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street, would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

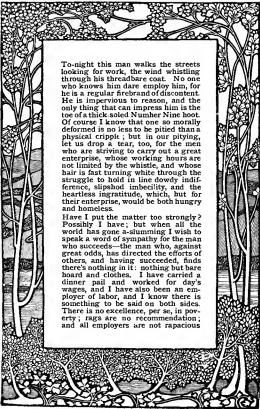
We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-



shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment", and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

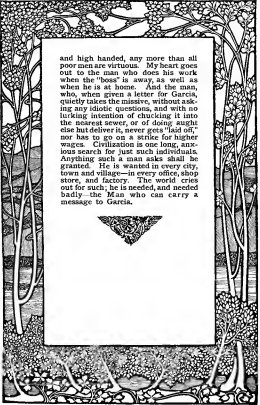
Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowzy ne'er-dowells to do intelligent work; and his long patient striving after "help" that do nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on. No matter how good times are, this sorting continues; only if times are hard, and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders, and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"



To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dare employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick soled Number Nine boot. Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry out a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude, which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious



and high handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the Man who can carry a message to Garcia.





THE MAN WHO LED THE EVASION
SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE IN THE PATIO OF THE HOTEL, AT CARACAS, CUBA



THE FAMOUS MORRO CASTLE
ONE OF THE INTERESTING SCENES OF SANTIAGO

The Canadian Invasion of Cuba

By

FLORENCE JACKSON STODDARD.

TO help a new nation in its making, that is, surely, one of the greatest works that a man, or a company of men, can perform. Such a work is being carried on for the development of the newest nation in the world, the newest member of the New World group of Governments, the island Republic of Cuba, and that this work has been largely inspired and projected by Canadian genius and capital must make it of special interest throughout the Dominion.

It was during the first United States occupation of Cuba, at the close of the Spanish-American war, that the attention of Sir William Van Horne was first directed to that region so long torn by strife. The soil was known to be, or at least to have been

before being devastated by war, the richest in the world for sugar and tobacco growing; but the difficulties of shipping crops, no less than the chance of their destruction before becoming matured, made old planters, as well as new would-be investors timid. Even the close of the war had not inspired business men with the confidence needed to make them very venturesome in starting new enterprises. Nevertheless, all who visited the island were united in declaring it the richest spot of its size known on the face of the earth. Sir William Van Horne, who was wintering at the Bermudas, decided to make a trip to Cuba and look into the situation. His trained perceptions enabled him at once to note the possibilities in the



A GENERAL VIEW OF

fire and sword-desolated lands; he saw opportunities for a swift and wonderful development of these districts into luxuriant, revenue-producing regions whose chief need was—means of transportation! Cuba should have railroads, more railroads and better, more lines of communication between points of the island and between the island and the great world-centres. Lying in the path of traffic between the eastern and western continents on the direct route Spain's galleons once

found good and later merchant-ships have followed profitably, Cuba needed to have restored to her the importance her position had first given her.

But transportation within the island's area was the greatest need, and this Sir William saw and determined to supply.

From end-to-end Cuba is 840 miles long. The only means of communication between these points was by sea. Havana, 540 miles from Santiago, could only be reached from that port



SANTIAGO FROM THE HARBOR

by water, for travel by rail ended at Santa Clara, the terminus of the United Railway line, and the centre of nowhere, being distant from any port. The first railroad built in the island, and one of the first in the world, was that which still runs straight south from Havana to Batabano, 32 miles. The cost of building it (1898) was \$17,000 a mile, less than the cost of the first European road—the one that was built in Belgium.

At the time that the United States

took charge of Cuba the lines of railway reached from Havana westward a short distance into the Province of Pinar del Rio, southward thirty-three miles to the Gulf of Batabano and westward one hundred and eighty-four miles to the before-mentioned point, Santa Clara. At the eastern end of the island there was only one very short road, which ran out of Santiago to Cristo, a distance of ten miles, and the country between these points was reached, if off the coast, by means of



AN IMPOSING LANDSCAPE, LOOKING TOWARDS SANTIAGO



A PICTURESQUE VIEW FROM THE RAILROAD TRACK NEAR SANTIAGO



A CANE TRAIN ON THE CUBA RAILROAD

bullock carts that had to travel difficult by-ways if they were not near the calzada or general turnpike, a military road that had been built and used from early times by the Spanish troops. It was evident that if this district was to be developed and opened quickly for settlement, there must be transportation, a service must be given that would make lucrative the restoration of deserted plantations and would richly repay investment. This is what Sir William saw on that first visit to the island. He bought the ten miles of road between Santiago and Cristo and started his project. His foresight was providential for Cuba, for it dictated the action that has given a mercifully rich and much-to-be-desired district to settlement and the product thereof to northern consumers.

So sure was the promise of this enterprise that no time was lost in carrying it out. At the end of 1902, that is to say, two years after Sir William had made his first visit to the island, the Cuba railroad was open to traffic. It serves the middle of the island, which is especially adapted for sugar cultivation and for citrus fruits.

A hundred miles east of Santa Clara is the settlement of Ceballos, which is on a cross line running from the Atlantic, at San Fernando, to the Caribbean Sea at Jucaro. Here the citrus fruits have been grown so successfully that the district looks like a bit of California, only that grape fruit is more abundant and finer than the Golden State can show. The shipping of crops from this district can be done by rail to Havana or to the nearer point at San Fernando.

And now come the sugar lands. For miles and miles the road runs through the cane. Growers have their own roads intersecting their plantations so as to bring loads of cane easily to the grinding mills, and others can cart the cane to mills that are close to the railroad, making the shipping of sugar easy and less costly. And amid the sugar lands there are also many fruit ranches that import as fine fruit as that of the other districts. At Holguin I visited the ranch of one man who has been only six years on his place, and has all he can do to supply his orders for grape fruit grown from his own seedlings, and for oranges

and lemons planted three and four years ago. A richer garden I never saw—the beds were adorned along their borders with flowers whose brilliance was scarcely needed to make color tones in the symphony in yellow supplied by the laden trees' burdens. At still another place the output of citrus fruits will have reached, in another two years, 500,000 crates. A crate contains, according to the fruit's size, 50 or 60 grape fruit. At Nuevitas, another Atlantic seaport, on a branch line, lemons were seen seven inches in diameter, twenty-two inches in circumference.

But the most wonderful of fruit ranches is that of Monsieur Hippolyte Dumois, who has an immense estate on Antilla Bay, almost in a direct line north of Santiago. This is another

district that has been opened to traffic by the branch road which Sir William built to that point and which was opened in March, 1904. Antilla is a superb sheet of water, very like San Francisco Bay. Hills that in late summer are, like those in the west, browned by the summer sun, slope towards the shores that are, however, level enough to afford fine orchard and sugar fields. "Sætia," the name of M. Dumois' place, is washed by the sea and the bay; it stretches for miles along the Atlantic; a narrow-gauge railway runs through it, carrying the fruit to the owner's own ships. His house, with numerous other buildings, forms a centre of social life, and the finest luxuries of the modern world are found in the midst of what, outside of the cultivated fields and gardens,

looks like the primeval jungle. Across the bay from "Sætia" is Felton, where the iron mines are being developed rapidly, since it was ascertained that the metal there found could be used in the manufacture of steel. Felton is almost entirely an American colony, the hotel being equipped with comforts people from the north are accustomed to, and as inviting to the tourist as to the prospector. Still further along the bay is Preston, where have been erected the enormous sugar mills of the United Fruit Company.

The town of Antilla is being laid out by the plan Sir William projected, by which the terminus of the railway and head of the bay will be an up-to-date metropolis before many years. Already a park is started, an electric



SOLEDAD CHURCH, CANAGUAY

SIR WILLIAM VAN ROOME PRESERVED THE CHURCH FROM THE DESTRUCTION REVENGEAN PLANNED BY THE FARRER BY GIVING IT A FIRE INS.



GARDEN OF HOTEL CAMAGUEY

THE HOTEL HAS BEEN RECONSTRUCTED BY SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE FROM A RUINED BARRACKS INTO A SPACIOUS RESIDENCE ENLIGHTENED WITH EXOTIC LANDSCAPE

light plant is going and means for loading and unloading cargo directly into and out of cars offer conveniences for work and means of diversion that will keep the dwellers in the place contented. Busy motor boats ply the bay at all hours, every settler having a launch, while a regular steamboat runs between chief points. On a Sunday afternoon or holiday the craft carries people to ball games at neighboring plantations or to tea parties, where the latest thing in cakes is apt to appear served by ladies who look as if they had just stepped in from Fifth Avenue or Regent Street.

Still another branch railroad from Santiago is to be opened shortly. This will run west from Palma Soriano, to which a short line now goes, and will continue to Berceal with a branch from Bayamo to Manzanillo on the coast, passing through forests of mahogany and other timber which, cut down, gives the richest sort of sugar fields. In this region, too, lie the cop-

per mines, which can be further developed to the profit of investors. It is expected that this new line will be opened by July next.

Whether Cuba is visited with a view to investment or only to be enjoyed as a place to spend a holiday, it offers more attractions than any other place I know within a reasonable distance, while as a winter climate, it is unsurpassed, indeed, hardly equalled by any. It is, to one who has never before seen a Latin country, quite as foreign looking as one could wish it to be.

One of the most charming hotels to stay at is the one that has been reconstructed from a barracks, which was occupied by Spanish troops during the last wars. This is another of Sir William Van Horne's experiments that has been wonderfully successful. The hotel is now a marvel of comfort and its gardens as lovely as can be imagined. Situated at Camaguey, about the centre of the island, it has

proved to be a "half-way house" that becomes a fascinating resort. From the town excursions can be made that are well worth while. Camaguey has a picturesque old church that Sir William was just in time to save from utter destruction. The *pádre* of the church, distressed at its look of age, was on the point of having the venerable building done over with thick coats of paint and varnish, when his plan became known. The lover of the antique was shocked. To save the church Sir William offered to give the parish a fine new bell if the repairs to the outer walls were omitted. The *pádre* agreed, so the Soledad church is preserved in its hoary beauty.

Beyond Camaguey are the settlements of Bartle, where English-speaking families are gathered, and Bajate, a Swedish colony, that for the length of time it has been going is amazingly thriving. At Holquin is another fruit district of unparalleled fruitfulness, and a branch road leads to other cane regions, notably those of Chaparra, the property of General Menocal, who ran on the Conservative ticket for the presidency last year. The sugar mill there is the largest in the world.

The terminus of the Cuba road is at Santiago, the most picturesque of

all Cuban cities; words can feebly describe the grandeur of scenery as the old seaport is approached. The highest mountains in Cuba are at this part of the island, and the contrast between the verdure of tropic plains and the rugged summits that look down upon them is most impressive. During the administration of General Wood—the first American Intervention—a superb road was laid out to the top of Boniato hill, back of Santiago. If the road, being scarcely needed, became known by the suggestive title of "Wood's Folly," at least it gave employment—which was the chief reason for its being made—to hundreds of starving Cubans. To-day it is one of the attractions of Santiago. A ride to Boniato is an experience worth having. The view in all directions is indescribably beautiful. The bay, out of which sailed the brave fleet whose destruction seems inexpressibly pitiable, lies almost at one's feet, and the grim Morro Castle guards it still. The wars that ended in the gallant battle upon which these heights looked are over forever; Cuba under self-government, at last faces the world, a noble land, worth the efforts of patriots, and financiers to develop her to her utmost limit.



ONE OF THE RAILROAD STATIONS



I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER THEY HEARD US . . . THERE WAS NO TIME TO KNOW, FOR SAMBAY'S REVOLVER WAS POINTED AND SENT ITS DEADLY MESSAGE!

The Stained Mackintosh

By
HEADON HILL

MOTOR-CARS and mysteries! Having run a public garage as a means of livelihood for over five years, I had long outgrown the tendency of the tyro to connect the two. I used to smile when I noted the fruitful vein of romance worked by ingenious novelists with such matter-of-fact commercial assets as motor-cars for the main-springs of their amazing plots. And then, suddenly, I was drawn into the central whirlpool of the most stupendous mystery that ever had a petrol-driven vehicle for its pivot.

It was about four o'clock on a dark December afternoon, when that tall, sinister-looking man came into the garage and asked my foreman if he could hire a powerful car for four-and-twenty hours. As he stipulated that he should not require the services of a driver, which was against my most stringent rule, the foreman brought him to me in the office. I took an instant dislike to the big fellow's overbearing demeanor, and promptly confirmed my servant's refusal.

"No, sir; if you are content to drive yourself you are at liberty to do so, but one of my chauffeurs must go with you," I said politely, but firmly.

The would-be customer measured me with an ugly eye, and broke into a harsh laugh. "Afraid I should steal the car, I suppose?" he said with the trace of a foreign accent. "Well, trot out your chauffeur, my

friend. I should like to inspect him first."

I sent for Jem Bradley, one of my most capable and reliable men. I knew that he could be trusted to take care of my property, and that was all that I was concerned with. Jem was a wiry little chap, with rather a melancholy cast of countenance, and the customer, after looking him up and down, said that he would do. He then gave instructions that the car was to be outside Artillery Mansions, Westminster, at five o'clock, plunked down a deposit of ten pounds, and departed. I bade Bradley select a forty horse power Daimler for the service, and shortly afterwards left the garage for my home at Brixton.

I went to business the next day as usual, of course, expecting to see or hear nothing more of Jem Bradley or the car till late in the afternoon, when the time for which they had been hired would expire. Yet to my horror and surprise, I had not been at my office many minutes when I received a telegram from the police at Chelmsford, stating that Bradley had early that morning been found dead in the road about two miles beyond the town, the body being identified by letters in his possession. No mention was made of the car.

I reached the sleepy old Essex town as quickly as I could, only to discover that the truth was infinitely more horrible than the first tidings had led me to expect. My faith-

ful servant had been murdered — stabbed in the back, presumably, as he sat at the wheel—and then flung out into the road. The police could tell me nothing of the car. A good number of automobiles had passed through the town on the previous evening, but as they were all conforming with the law no particular attention had been paid to them. My car, as well as its mysterious hire, had vanished completely, though on being furnished with its number and description, and with a fairly vivid word-picture of my dreadful customer, they were confident of being able to trace it if it were on any road in the kingdom.

But that was just where the big Daimler was not. Three days passed without any news, and then I was notified that the car had been discovered by a wildfowler out after duck in the desolate marshland at the back of Mersea Island. It was lying, nearly submerged, in a creek of the Blackwater not far from Tollesbury, having apparently been driven or fallen into the water from an unfrequented road skirting the creek.

When I arrived on the scene the car had been raised on to the road-way, presenting a woeful sight of smashed mechanism and sodden upholstery. My first question was whether the body of whoever had been driving at the time of the accident had been found, but the sergeant of police in charge of the gang of workers answered in the negative.

"The only clue to anyone who may have been traveling in the car is this," he said, holding up a bedraggled garment. It was a lady's caped mackintosh. On the back and on one side of it there was a dark red stain.

"Why, that is blood!" I cried, pointing to the smear. "Jem Bradley's blood for a fever!"

"That's how I figure it out," responded the sergeant stolidly. "She must have been in the car when your

man was attacked and thrown out. If we could get the pretty dear this belonged to we should soon run in the murderer."

"How far is this from the spot where my chauffeur's body was found?" I asked.

"Not more than nine miles at the crow flies, but a matter of seventeen by road," said the sergeant. "To get here the car must have passed through Maldon after your man was killed. We must advertise the discovery of this blessed waterproof. Perhaps some one will come forward and give us a hint."

I am no detective, but it struck me as a feeble sort of straw to rely on. However, it was so clearly a police matter that I contented myself with arranging for the salvage of the wrecked car, and returned to London more puzzled than ever. The mystery of Jem Bradley's untimely end was intensified by the introduction of the female element. The ill-omened foreigner who had hired the car had not worn the aspect of an eloping lover. Yet there was fairly clear evidence that a woman had been a passenger in the Daimler, and that she had vanished from the scene of these strange happenings as completely as had my sinister customer.

Three days passed without the police communicating to me any result from the descriptive paragraphs and advertisements for the owner of a missing waterproof which I noticed in the newspapers, and from this fact I drew the conclusion that the woman to whom it belonged shared the guilty responsibility of her male companion for poor young Bradley's death.

If she was without offence why had she not come forward to claim her property and assist the authorities? The only hope now seemed to be in the advertisement being answered by some person other than she who had worn it on the fatal

night—someone who was aware that such a garment was not in its accustomed place. For instance, the maid of the owner might tender the information in the hope of reward.

To some extent I was right in my surmise, though it was not from a menial source that information came, nor was it offered to the police. I was engaged in my office when a card was brought to me bearing the name and address of "Mr. Marston Vigors, The Hall, Little Badham, Essex." Giving orders for the visitor to be shown in, I was confronted by a gentleman who had certainly not called on the ordinary business of the garage. He was a good-looking young fellow enough, with suggestions of fresh air and country life in the cut of his clothes and his open-air complexion, but he had the eyes of one haunted by a great horror—eyes from which sleep had been banished for several nights.

"I have come about the waterproof coat that was found in the wreck of your car," he began in a low, strained voice, advancing to my desk as soon as he had assured himself that we were alone. "Are you a married man, Mr. Ramage? You are. Then I can the better hope to enlist your help and sympathy. I have been married just three months, sir, to the dearest and best girl in the world, and I believe that that coat is hers. My place is only seven miles from where your car was found, and my wife has been missing since the night your chauffeur was murdered near Chelmsford. She had such a coat as the one found, and that also is gone."

He had my sympathy already, for his distress was obviously genuine. But my help was another matter. I felt quite helpless myself.

"You have been to the police?" I said. "They attach great importance to the discovery of the owner of the coat."

He waved his brown hand in a

gesture of impatience. "Exactly what I want to avoid," he replied, eyeing me askance. And then, as though reassured by the pity he saw in my face, he went on with a break in his voice: "Look here, Mr. Ramage, I feel that you're a good sort. I simply cannot have my Muriel's name smirched by being subjected to the ghastly inferences which the police and the public would draw. I have got a man outside—Zambra, the well-known private detective. He's at the top of the tree at the game, and will get round this thing without any publicity unless it's absolutely necessary. May I have him in to hear what you can tell us about the hiring of the car?"

I knew by repute the man he mentioned as a clever solver of mysteries, and as bearing a character for the strictest integrity. I did not like working behind the backs of the police, but for a certain distance the interests of Mr. Vigors and myself marched side by side, and if they were found to diverge I should not be committed to a continuance of the alliance.

"Very well, sir," I said; "I will help you all I can on the understanding that the police are called in to deal with any culprit whom Mr. Zambra may discover. I have not the slightest intention of assisting you to compound a felony which had as its victim an honest and valued servant."

"I agree to that without hesitation, for I have absolute confidence that whatever has befallen my wife, her part has been an innocent one," replied Mr. Vigors eagerly; and, stepping to the door, he admitted a short, rather corpulent man, who at once reminded me of the popular conception of the first Napoleon. The sombre eyes were secretive without being sly; the massive jaw betokened strength of purpose. In a few words Mr. Vigors acquainted him

with my conditional assent to be of use to their independent inquiry.

"Most reasonable," said the detective. "Now, Mr. Ramsage, I need not trouble you to recount all the circumstances of the hiring of the car, for I have read your evidence at the inquest on your chauffeur. But I will ask you if there is any addition you could make to that evidence—any point, I mean, on which you were not questioned, yet which may have occurred to you afterwards as relative?"

I began to have a respect for Zambra, for there was such a point, and I had been seriously debating whether I ought not to inform the police of it. "Yes," I answered; "not having been asked the question, I omitted to state where the hirer of the car started from. The evidence read as if he might have got into it here at the garage and driven straight off. That was not the case. He left orders for the car to pick him up at Artillery Mansion, Westminster, an hour later, which would have been about five o'clock. I instructed Bradley accordingly, and I assume that it was done."

Zambra pondered my answer, and turning to his client, inquired if he knew anyone residing at Artillery Mansions. The reply was in the negative. Mr. Vigors had no friends in the block of residential flats mentioned, and he was quite sure that his wife had none either. Had it been so he would have been aware of it. They had no secrets from each other.

"I should wish to have a fuller description of the gentleman who hired the car," said Zambra. "There was not much to be gathered from what you said at the inquest." He added with the ghost of a smile, "except that you did not like his looks."

To the best of my ability I supplied the omission, dwelling on the man's great size, on his scowling

brow, on his arrogant demeanour, and, above all, on the faint foreign accent which I had observed in his speech. Some item in my statement seemed to make an impression, for the detective remained silent for over a minute, ruminating on it. Then he arose slowly from the chair in which I had installed him.

"There is nothing more to be done here," he said. "We are angling in a very deep pool for a wary fish. I shall more likely be of use to you, Mr. Vigors, by transferring the inquiry to your house at Little Badham. We had better go down there at once as speedily as possible."

"The quickest way for you to get there would be for you to let me drive you down in one of my cars," I ventured to suggest. "And something might arise to make my presence of advantage—for instance, to identify the person who started with Bradley."

Zambra expressed prompt approval of my offer, and Mr. Vigors was profuse in his thanks. The three of us were soon seated in the tonneau of a high-powered Panhard, with one of my best drivers in front at the wheel. Shortly after passing Chelmsford we slowed down to allow the detective a view of the spot where Bradley's body had been found, though, as nearly a week had elapsed and much rain had fallen, he did not trouble to get out to search for signs that must have been washed away long since. Our route then lay through Maldon, but on leaving that town, by Mr. Vigor's directions, it quitted the road which the doomed car must have traversed to reach the scene of its disaster, and turned north along the road to Tiptree. A few miles further on we came to the secluded village of Little Badham, and swung through the lodge gates of a picturesque Jacobean mansion, which Mr. Vigors indicated as his home.

He led us through an imposing en-



"WHY, THAT IS BLOODY TICKED! GOING TO TIGHTEN UP."

trance-hall to a fine old oak-panelled library and rang for refreshments. I noticed that the butler who served them cast a half-furtive look of inquiry at his master, which was evidently not lost upon Zambra, for as soon as we were alone again he said:

"I observe that you have not taken the servants into your confidence as to your anxiety about Mrs. Vigors' absence."

"How could I — without implying a mistrust in her that I do not feel?" our host replied, almost angrily. "I

have let them think that she has gone on a visit to friends."

"Which is the very last thing they are thinking," said Zambra dryly. "If I am to do any good we must alter that and have it plainly known that Mrs. Vigors is missing. You have already told me that you were hunting on the day she disappeared, that she had left home when you returned, and that it was only when you had kept dinner back a considerable time that you pretended to remember that she had probably gone to London. Having committed your-

self to that, I presume that you did not question the servants as to your wife's movements that day."

"How could I," repeated Mr. Vigors, with a plaintive feebleness all out of keeping with his sunburnt face and athletic physique. "They would have thought that I suspected her—that there was something wrong. It was only when that infernal waterproof was found that I feared that some real harm had befallen her."

Zambra flashed a swift glance at him, like the gleam of a two-edged sword. "Then you must have had some reason in your mind satisfying you, after reflection as to Mrs. Vigors' absence," he retorted. "No husband so obviously devoted as you are would endure the suspense which you must have gone through unless he had some adequate explanation to comfort him."

It was distressing to me to witness the pain in the open face of the young country gentleman. The detective's brusqueness had touched him on a raw spot, but even to my inexperience it was patent that those rough words had come as a much needed good.

"Yes," he said; "I thought that she had gone up to see her brother, Gilbert Softlaw, a clerk in the War Office. I called upon him this morning before consulting you, but he knew nothing of her."

"A clerk in the War Office?" said Zambra thoughtfully. "Had you any special reason for thinking that she had gone to him?"

"Only that I knew that Gilbert had been much in her mind of late," replied Mr. Vigors irritably. "Why, I can't conceive. He was down here on a visit to within a week of her disappearance, and since his departure she talked a good deal about him—even in her sleep. If I could imagine her having a secret from me about anything, I could have fancied

she was concealing something in connection with her brother."

"When you saw Mr. Softlaw this morning did you tell him about your chief grounds for uneasiness—the disappearance of the waterproof coat and the discovery of the same or a similar one in the wrecked car?"

"No; as soon as I found that he had not seen her I rushed off to you, Mr. Zambra, without wasting a moment."

"But why," pursued the detective, "did you wait till to-day to inquire of Mr. Softlaw? Surely you could have telegraphed at once?"

Vigors dashed his fist down on the table, making things rattle. The natural man was on the surface at last. "To tell you the truth, I didn't telegraph because I was angry," he said. "I never liked my wife's brother, and, taking it for granted that she was with him, I behaved like a brute and an idiot. I thought I'd punish her by not seeming to care where she was."

With a shrug for the infirmity of human nature, Zambra dismissed the subject by asking to be allowed to question such of the servants as would be able to throw any light on the matter. The first to be called in was the elderly butler. On its being explained to him that Mrs. Vigors was missing, he fixed the time of her departure from the house at six o'clock, and he supplemented this with the information, received second-hand from the lodge-keeper, that on leaving the grounds she had walked briskly off in the direction of Maldon. Mrs. Vigors' maid came next, and said that her mistress had left no message as to being late for dinner; on the contrary, she had given directions as to the evening dress she intended to wear. She had taken no luggage with her.

The servants having retired, Zambra sat for a long time silent. Then he asked how long it would take to walk to Maldon, receiving the reply

that Mrs. Vigors could do it easily in half an hour. In answer to a further question, Mr. Vigors stated that their dinner hour was eight.

"So that assuming that she meant to return to dinner, she could have expected to have plenty of time to do so, after meeting in Maldon a motor-car that had left Westminster at four o'clock," said Zambra. "It should be a consolation to you, sir, to know that she could not possibly have walked seven miles further to where the dead chauffeur was found, and that therefore she could not have been in the car at the time of the murder. My theory is that Mrs. Vigors, apprehending some mischief from the car, of whose advent she had warning, went into Maldon to waylay and stop it, and that for some reason she had got into the car and was driven to the scene of the smash."

"But," said Vigors, "if the mischief resulted in the murder she was too late. So why should she have got into the car?"

"Because the mischief hadn't ended with Bradley's death, of which probably she was ignorant," was Zambra's reply. "I think that Bradley came to grief through trying in a different way, and with less complete knowledge, to do just what Mrs. Vigors was doing—prevent the mischief."

"Then, in God's name, where is my wife?" groaned the unhappy husband. "The blood on the coat may not have been the chauffeur's, but her own."

"It is far too soon to jump to such a conclusion," said Zambra. "It is more likely that the stains were caused by your wife sitting on the seat where the chauffeur had been stabbed seven miles back along the road—before she got in. Let us go and see the place where the car was found in the creek. Its destination chief she was trying to stop was

seems to be the pivot of the whole thing, and I should like to know what lies beyond."

Within five minutes we were all seated in the Panhard, swinging down the road to Maldon, but turning to the left before we came to the town. We were now again on the track traversed by the ill-fated car. Soon after we passed Tollesbury the character of the country changed. Instead of flat arable and pasture lands, we ran through several miles of desolate marshes, with occasionally the tidal water of some silent, salt-fringed creek lapping the base of the raised roadway. At a word from me the chauffeur pulled up at the place where the big Daimler had taken its plunge, though all vestiges of it had now been removed.

Zambra got down and peered over the brink, plumbing the depth of the creek with calculating eyes. Then he walked some distance in each direction, finally coming back to us with the opinion that there had been no accident, but that the car had been purposely driven into the water. He had come to that conclusion because the spot was the only one for a space of two hundred yards in either direction where there was a depth of water that might reasonably have been expected totally to submerge the car.

"Whoever did it wanted the car to remain undiscovered as long as possible," he said. "If it hadn't been for the wildfowler in his punt, the object would have been gained. Close under the bank, the wreck would hardly have been noticed by anyone passing along the road. I understand, Mr. Vigors, that there are no houses for quite a long way—as a possible destination for the car?"

"No inhabited ones for another five miles," was the reply. "There is a decayed farmhouse a couple of miles farther on that has nearly been swallowed up by the encroachments

of the sea, but no one has lived there since I can remember."

The detective swung himself into the car. "Let's get on," he said shortly. "And we'll stop at that farmhouse on the way, please."

Once more we threaded our way through the dreary landscape, and I was glad that I had chosen a skilful driver. That road had never been made for motorcars, and I doubt if ours was not the first to traverse it, except the one whose movements we were trying to trace. Presently we sighted a jumble of gables which Vigors said were those of the farm, but from the distance the place looked as if it was on an island, and that we should have to wade or swim to reach it. Drawing nearer, however, we found that the greedy tide had left a narrow strip of practicable foothold along the two hundred yards that separated the ruin from the road.

Leaving the car in charge of the chauffeur, we picked our way over the sodden ground towards the house, Zambra leading. I could discern no sign of life. No smoke issued from the dilapidated chimneys; from most of the windows the glass had dropped, and no one had troubled to replace it with so much as a board. A phantom house, peopled, if at all, by phantoms of the past, it looked.

Yet why was it that Zambra, halfway from the road, paused for a moment and felt in the hip-pocket where men who go armed carry their revolvers? He said no word, and went on again directly. But passing the place where he had made that brief halt, I noticed in the muddy ooze the broken bowl of an earthenware pipe. Not till we were close under the mouldering walls did he explain his action, and then, partial as the explanation was, it was sufficient to raise the hair of a peace-loving citizen.

"We are up against a big thing,"

he said to Vigors in a hurried whisper. "I have suspected it since you mentioned your brother-in-law's connection with the War Office. Now I know that I was right, and that this house was the objective of Mr. Ramage's car."

"That broken pipe was of German make?" I hazarded under my breath.

Zambra nodded and went on: "It doesn't look as if there was anyone here now, but we must enter with caution, as I am the only one who carries firearms."

The front door, long since rotted from its hinges, offered no obstruction, and in single file we stole into the damp, foul-smelling hall. Into the rooms right and left of it we glanced, only to see at once that no one had occupied them for years. There was no furniture, and the floors were covered with piles of fallen masonry. Following a passage that led to the rear of the house, we found that the ravages of time and weather had been less severe, and suddenly I had to strangle an ejaculation of surprise as Zambra pushed open the door of what must have been the old farmhouse kitchen. The fumes of a recently extinguished oil cooking stove assailed my nose at the same moment that my eyes were astounded by the sight of chairs and a table, the latter strewn with dirty plates and glasses. The window stood open.

This much I had noticed when the sound of a guttural voice came through the window and made my heart jump. It was the voice of the man who had hired the car that had taken Jim Bradley to his death. Before I could impart the fact to Zambra, he stepped quickly to the open casement with Vigors and myself at his heels. I shall never forget the scene that was being enacted outside. An arm of the creek came to within fifteen paces of the house. Against the low shore lay an electric launch in which a man in a peaked

cap was sitting with his hand on the starting lever, while another man, standing in the bows, was trying to drag a young and very pretty woman into the launch.

"My God, that's my wife!" came the hoarse cry from Vigors as he peered over Zambra's shoulder.

"And the man handling her is my chauffeur's murderer," I added.

I do not know whether they heard us, those outside. There was no time to know, for Zambra's revolver was pointed and sent its deadly message almost simultaneously with our feeble cries. The tall man in the bows of the launch sank down with a crash that made the little vessel shiver from stem to stern. The next moment it was tearing seawards, while the woman walked towards the house, waving and smiling at us.

"All right, Marston, old boy, it's been a narrow squeak," she shouted: "but you've come in the nick of time, and I've saved my country."

Then she toppled over and fainted in the wet slime of the creek shore, and we three ran out at the back and picked her up.

* * * * *

It was dark when the car swung through the lodge gates of the Hall at Little Badham and Muriel Vigors was safe in the oak-panelled library. On the drive home no one had questioned her, though she had quickly revived in the cool air of the marshes. We all guessed that the story she would tell was not one to be heard by my chauffeur, honest fellow as he was. Our desire for secrecy was aided by his having heard and seen nothing of what had happened at the back of the farmhouse. I gave him a hint to keep his mouth shut as to where we had found the lady before I went into the Hall.

But when Mrs. Vigors had been refreshed with tea, and the wondering, but delighted butler had retired, her tongue was unloosed. Seated on the hearth-rug with her head on her

husband's knee, she told her amazing tale. During her brother's visit she had overheard him talking in a summer-house in the garden to the man Zambra had shot that afternoon. She heard enough to know that Gilbert Softlaw was a traitor to his country and that he was selling the War Office scheme of national defence for foreign gold.

She heard with tingling ears the tempest bid her brother bring copies of the scheme to him at the entrance of Artillery Mansions on a certain day and hour, where he would be waiting in a car so that in the quickest time possible he could convey them to the lonely ruin in the Essex marshes which had been used of late as a rendezvous for foreign spies. The swift car was necessary because a very high official indeed was to be landed from his yacht on the day fixed in order to inspect the stolen document at the very earliest moment.

"Then, having decided what to do," Mrs. Vigors proceeded, "I went boldly into the summer-house, and Gilbert was obliged to introduce his companion to me, naming him as the Baron Reichen, and explaining that he was staying in the neighborhood, and they had accidentally met. The introduction was all that I wanted, and as soon as I could I left them together. But on the appointed day I walked into Maldon in time to intercept the car on its way to that horrible place. I managed to stop it, and in accordance with the plan I had formed I claimed acquaintance with the Baron, who was driving and alone, begging him for a lift to the cross roads, as I was belated. He consented with ill grace, and as soon as I was seated beside him in the car I picked the pocket of his great fur coat of the precious paper, furtively tearing it in pieces and scattering them to the four winds of heaven.

"He was just about to set me

down at the turning when he discovered what I had done. With a furious oath he drove on, and I realized that I was a prisoner. Unseen by him, I slipped off my coat in the hope that it would furnish a clue to my whereabouts. When we came opposite the ruin he dragged me across the swamp into the house. It was dark in frost, but at the back it was lit up, and full of men. Handing me over to two uniformed sermons, the Baron went into the kitchen, whence there immediately arose a babel of voices in a language you can guess at. I gathered that I was to be kept there till a steamer could be sent to take me away. It had arrived off the coast when you turned up this afternoon. I have spent a horrible time in a room over the kitchen, guarded by the Baron and another man."

"Gallant old girlie," exclaimed Vigors proudly. "But why didn't they take you away in the vessel that brought the gang?"

The brave woman laughed. "Because, my dear Marsson," she replied, "the cloaked figure with the grey imperial who presently stalked from the kitchen on his way out said that he couldn't have 'that infernal she-cat' on his private yacht. There were some ladies of his family on board to keep up the idea of a pleasure cruise."

"What are we to do, Zambra?" asked Vigors helplessly.

"Say nothing about the whole thing," was the detective's prompt reply. "It is a sure thing the foreigners won't. The Baron undoubtedly murdered Bradley because he wouldn't get out and let him go on alone, but my bullet has settled that score. I think, however, that Mr. Gilbert Scottlaw should not be allowed to remain in the public service much longer. A hint to him ought to secure his resignation."

"He shall have it straight from me," said Vigors heartily.

Knowledge and Culture

A GREAT memory, as I have already said, does not make a philosopher, any more than a dictionary can be called a grammar. There are men who embrace in their minds a vast multitude of ideas, but with little sensibility about their real relation toward each other. These may be antiquarians, animalists, naturalists; they may be learned in the law; they may be versed in statistics; they are most useful in their own place; I should shrink from speaking disrespectfully of them; still, there is nothing in such attainments to guarantee the absence of narrowness of mind. If they are nothing more than well-bred men, or men of information, they have not what specially deserves the name of culture of mind, or fulfills the type of liberal education.

The Advisability of Taking a Winter Vacation

By

R. P. CHESTER.

YOUNG Canada's delight in the rigors of the northern winter has been so often painted in picture, song and story that it has come to be part and parcel of the world's conception of this young nation's life. Youths and maidens, boys and girls, revelling in snow, tobogganing down icy slopes, skating on frozen ponds, tramping over snowy drifts, would seem to indicate that Canadians love their long and oftentimes severe winter. In a sense this is true. But just as the glory of the sun-bathed landscape has its converse in the depressing aspect of gloomy, rain-soaked nature, so there is another and a trying side to our winter season. There are days of penetrating dampness, there are weeks when epidemics of colds are prevalent, there are seasons of excessive frigidity. At these times, and particularly during that long period of transition from winter to spring, the mind turns longingly backward or forward to the solaces of summer.

Why should not those Canadians who are able, escape from the bondage of winter, if bondage it be to them, and flee to warmer climes? The habit of always taking one's vacation in summer has no reasonable ground for support. The proper time to take a holiday is when mind and body grow weary and, to many a worker, the period of greatest depression and consequently of greatest need is during the latter portion of the winter season,



AVENUE AT PALM BEACH, FLA.

when broken weather may be expected and when sickness is so rife.

From winter to winter, the little army of Canadians, who cross the border and journey southward to the resorts in the southern States, to the Bermudas, to the West Indies, to Mexico and California, is on the increase. From year to year, the popularity of these resorts is growing. And well it may. The contrast between the chill, damp weather so frequently encountered in March and April in Canada and the balmy breezes of the south, between the snow-clad landscapes of the north and the verdant vistas of the south, conjures up all sorts of delightful sensations in the mind of the northerner.

The nearest resorts to eastern Canada are to be found along the ocean shores of New Jersey, and amid the pines of North Carolina. Atlantic City has earned international fame as an all-year sanitarium and is probably



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA

better known to and more frequented by Canadians than any other southern resort. Its splendid hotels, its spacious board walk and its social activities give scope to any one's desires.

Lakehurst, N.J., has developed in the last few years into an ideal winter resort. The tonic of the balsams and the pines gives it a special charm. Walks and drives have been construct-

ed and are maintained at great expense by the hotelkeepers. Sight-seeing trips are run daily to Asbury Park, Allaire, Point Pleasant and other objective points by touring car companies, while devotees of the royal game of golf have every opportunity to indulge their passion on some of the finest links in the world. Two attractive and cozy tea houses have



BEAUTIFUL SAPPHIRE LAKE, NORTH CAROLINA

been constructed at convenient spots, whither pedestrians may direct their steps. All the large hotels maintain private bowling alleys and game rooms, while concerts, dances and theatricals are frequently provided.

Old Point Comfort on the shores of historic Hampton Roads, is a resort much patronized by friends and admirers of the American navy, and in all the functions there, the sailorman finds a place. For those fond of yachting, the hotel provides staunch yachts which cruise around Hampton Roads daily. A big sight-seeing car also makes daily trips to points of historic interest. Salt-water baths are available, while seafood menus are provided. Wild ducks are plentiful in the neighborhood, affording hunters an opportunity for a little exciting sport.

An ideal place to escape the extremes of winter and yet not become plunged into too warm weather is the western section of North Carolina. A territory of six thousand square miles is covered by this region, every portion of which possesses great natural beauty and is appropriately named "The Land of the Sky." Asheville is the centre and from this point many interesting places—Hot Springs, Waynesville, White Sulphur Springs, Lake Toxaway, etc.—may be reached. Asheville is a great tourist centre all the year round, for in summer the southerners come there to cool off, and in winter the northerners come there to get warm. All the luxuries and advantages of New York are to be had in Asheville's hotels, and special attention is paid to the cuisine,



HOTEL BARDES, BANSAU, BATAVIA



HOTEL AT ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.



COURT OF HOTEL, ST. AUGUSTINE



ALONG THE SHORE OF THE GULF OF MEXICO

for the mountain air creates great appetites.

Hot Springs is another famous resort of this region. For more than a century it has been famed as a water cure, and for the invalid especially it offers great attractions. Hendersonville, twenty miles from Asheville, and in the heart of the mountains, is the rendezvous for travelers en route for the Beautiful Sapphire Country. This region has been compared to the English lake district, but it is on a grander scale even than the beautiful English resort. Lakes Toxaway, Fairfield and Sapphire, cradled in the mountains, are the finest sheets of water in the south.

Pinchurst, in North Carolina, has a great vogue, particularly for cottage residents. The cottage colony is growing from year to year. But the transient visitor is by no means neglected, and numerous hotels supply his needs. Golf is very popular here, and two nine-hole courses and three eighteen-hole courses have been laid out.

Passing southward, the traveler's

goal will probably be Palm Beach, Florida, the queen of all winter resorts. Its magnificent hotels are the temporary homes of thousands of pleasure-loving people, not only from America, but from the old world as well. Men and women even cross the ocean to enjoy its incomparable beauty, its perfect climate and its round of pleasures.

Miami, sixty-eight miles further south, possesses much of the attractiveness of Palm Beach. Fine, hard roads extend in all directions to beauty spots of rare interest. The Florida everglades are one of the country's most unique possessions, and in their fastnesses the Miami river takes its rise. On the banks of this river hundreds of visitors annually picnic. Biscayne Bay, into which it empties, has long been the favorite haunt of yachtsmen, and here the tarpon, gamiest of all fish, is to be encountered.

St. Augustine, the oldest resort in the country, becomes more attractive every year. From here many of the other resorts in Florida may be reach-

ed. An inland canal has recently been completed, which connects St. Augustine to Miami, and Biscayne Bay. This crosses several rivers and other canals and gives a system of waterways between all the principal resorts.

Ormond, not far away, has a famous ocean beach, very broad and more than eighteen miles in length. Daytona, six miles away, has been the scene of motor races, establishing world's records during the last five years.

At the uppermost tip of the east coast is Atlantic Beach, where the home-going vacationist breaks his journey north. The beach here is forty miles long and is also the scene of motor races.

Crossing over to the Bahamas, we come to Nassau, a charming resort established by the English Government years ago. A tri-weekly steamship service is operated between Miami and Nassau. During the season beautiful Nassau harbor is visited by many of the largest and finest yachts in the

world, and frequently a British warship casts anchor there. Sea bathing is extremely popular and may be indulged in almost every day of the year.

Jamaica, the pearl of the Antilles, will appeal to Canadians, for there the traveler will rest under the Union Jack. The island lies about four degrees within the tropics and ninety miles south of Cuba. It is about 1,500 miles from New York, and may be reached in a little under five days. The climate may be described as perpetual summer. Seen from the sea nothing can be grander than the coast line in opalescent morning or evening haze, with range upon range of forest-clad mountains towering in the background till they culminate in the Blue Mountain Peak, bathed in clouds. Ferns grow everywhere on the island and flowers blossom in profusion. Orchids are seen in all directions, and dainty humming birds and gorgeous butterflies flit from flower to flower. Kingston, the capital, is the chief point of interest, though some visitors prefer



PANORAMA OF SEVENTH, CALIFORNIA

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

to land at Port Antonio, on the north shore, where there is a fine hotel and where sea bathing is the best in the West Indies. Mandeville, 2,000 feet up in the Manchester Mountains, in the heart of the coffee and orange plantations, has good accommodation. Spanish Town, the old capital, Montego Bay and Chester Vale are three other popular resorts.

Cuba has naturally become a favorite winter resort for Americans, and Havana is always crowded with visi-

and the soil is clad in a perpetual mantle of green. The transparency of the water is remarkable. On a still day, the bottom at depths of from fifteen to thirty feet can be distinctly seen, revealing a myriad of wonders. There is ample accommodation to be had at the three large hotels in Hamilton and in many minor hotels as well.

In writing of winter resorts, mention should not be omitted of the resorts in the west. To many, Colorado and



A FAMOUS WINTER RESORT—HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

tors during the season. In this city the municipal government spends \$30,000 on the entertainment of visitors each winter. The roads in the island being excellent, motoring has come to be a favorite pastime, though horse-racing has its devotees as well.

The beautiful Bermudas, situated about two days' sail southeast of New York, have a delightful climate. Rarely does the thermometer go below 60 in the winter or above 80 degrees in summer. Vegetation is very rapid

California and Mexico are names that conjure up delightful visions. The land of sunshine and flowers—Southern California—possesses powerful attractions. Los Angeles is its centre, and from this city all other points are easily reached—Pasadena, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Riverside, Redlands and San Bernardino.

Los Angeles is favored with beaches as no other city in the country. Full fifty miles of sand stretch out to the north and south of the city, easily



BOATING ON A CANAL, MEXICO CITY

reached at any point by perhaps the most elaborate system of trolley lines to be found in the world. The cement walk at Santa Monica rivals the board walk at Atlantic City. Ostrich, alligator and pigeon farms are curiosities in the district.

One hundred and twenty-seven miles south of Los Angeles and fifteen

miles from the boundary of Mexico is Coronado Beach, where is located the Hotel del Coronado, the largest resort in the world open all the year round.

Those who desire novelty and have the explorer's fever will now feel inclined to cross the border and take a run down into Mexico. This interest-



ONE OF THE SPORTS OF MEXICO: A BULL FIGHT

ing republic possesses many attractions for the traveler, which a visit to Mexico City will satisfy to a certain extent.

Returning into the United States, the quaint old-world city of New Orleans, which is rapidly becoming one of the most favored winter resorts in America, claims attention. The city is full of historic associations, which will keep the visitor interested for many days. Its hotel service is excellent. From New Orleans to Mobile, along the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, are scattered a number of the most attractive winter resorts in the south. From Bay St. Louis, the first resort out of New Orleans, to Scranton, nearly fifty miles away, is an almost continuous string of cottages and hotels. Mobile itself, the second in age of all the cities on the southern coast, is a progressive place. Here the carnival street parade had its origin and to-day it vies with New Orleans in the beauty and splendor of its Mardi Gras display.

Only a few of the winter resorts of the south have been touched upon.

The number is enormous, testifying to the fact that the people of the northern States appreciate the advantages of a holiday in the south. Canadians in larger numbers might do well to follow their example and enjoy the delights of a warmer climate, and exhilarating sports and pastimes.

But, impossible as it may appear at first sight, it is none the less true that a Canadian need not leave the soil of his own country to escape the trying winter. The western coast of British Columbia, with its equable climate, attracts annually many Canadians from Winnipeg and the western plains. Vancouver is becoming an all-the-year round resort and its surroundings are just as charming in the winter months as in the summer months. For eastern Canadians, the accessibility of the southern resorts and the long journey to the coast may militate against any very general trend of winter tourist travel in that direction, but for the people of the Northwest, Vancouver and its neighboring cities and towns should become increasingly popular.



"OH, ARE YOU BURN?" SHE GASED AT LAST

Hector Alexander

By

MARY E. MANN



A MEXICAN VALLEY

TAKE my advice, and get rid of it now we have the chance. We shall never have such a good offer again."

"But have I not said I have no desire to get rid of it? As my father left the estate to me, so I wish to leave it when I die."

"Why should you wish to do that?" the agent asked. "Why should not you wish to improve the estate? With the money from the sale of these outlying acres — bad, unremunerative land, a loss to you every year, as I can prove if you will take the trouble to look into the accounts — you can buy the Ovary Farm, joining on to your own land; a property your father would

have jumped at, had it been in the market."

"I have said I will not do it."

"Very well. I've only got the offer of it until to-night. Time enough for you to think better of it."

"Write at once, please, and decline."

"I don't think I will do that. Not quite yet."

He picked up his hat, and, abruptly bowing, walked to the door.

"You are at home all day, Mr. Alexander, I suppose?"

"Somewhere hereabout, Miss Trull. A message to the cottage will fetch me."

"I shall not have anything to say.

I like to know you are near. That's all."

"I'm never very far away."

A few signs of feminine occupation showed in the formal but pleasant room in which Miss Traill's father had carried on the business connected with his estate. The wide lattice windows stood freely open to the scented air of the summer morning; a bunch of roses, freshly gathered, lay on the writing-table at which the present owner of the property sat. In a deeply padded wicker chair beside her, her aunt, Mrs. March, reclined.

Of aunts and female cousins, Winifred Traill had a liberal supply, all of them ready to come at a moment's notice and stay for ever, if need be, to supply the place of father and mother to the orphaned young woman. But Winifred had early arranged to ring the changes among these devoted relatives rather than to put one in permanent residence. As it happened Aunt Sophy had not stayed at Swankey Court since her brother's death.

"Did you see the neck of him—how stiff it was?" Miss Traill asked, looking up from the letter she was writing.

"I thought he had a pugnacious face—distinctly pugnacious. And a most masterful way of comporting himself."

"Hasn't he?"

"Considering that he is your—what shall we call it?—hardly servant, perhaps?"

"Underling," supplied Winifred, writing on.

"That's it. He ought not to assume that air with you."

"I thought he'd put your back up, auntie," Miss Traill signed her letter and threw down her pen. "I shall have to give away about selling these wretched acres, you know. For three weeks I have told him I would not sell. For three weeks he has turned a deaf ear, and

hammered away. I can't do anything with him, as a matter of fact. He is master of the situation."

"My dear Winnie, show him that he is not."

Miss Traill gave a scornful laugh.

"How?"

"Stand out about this matter. Make it a test question between you."

"Didn't you see me stand out? Didn't you hear him order me to change my mind?"

"No; I did not hear that, dear Winnie."

"I did," Winnie said. "Do you know what his name is, Aunt Sophy? Hector Alexander. I wonder it is not Caesar, Wellington, Napoleon, Hannibal, and all the rest of them, as well. How can you expect me to have strength to stand up against such a concentrated Force as he represents?"

"It does not require so much strength as dignity, dear Winnie; tact, gentle firmness—qualities I believe you to possess conspicuously."

"They seem to fail me here. You see; he's managed all my affairs for two years, and now I can't manage him—that's the truth of it. Hector Alexander's a strong man, Aunt Sophy."

"I thought there was something forbidding in his face."

Miss Traill laughed. "He is forbidding," she said. "He forbids me to have my own way in any single, small, trifling thing. I think I'm badly used, auntie."

"Get married, my dear, and let your husband take all your worries."

"Ah! and take the estate — and take me!"

She pulled forward an envelope, directed it, slipped within it the letter she had written. "This is to ask Gerald Herring to come in to dinner to-night, auntie."

"The Reverend Gerald Herring I have heard so much of? And how

many times has he asked you to marry him, Winnie?"

"Only twice. Seeing there's only the park between Swankey Court and Gerry's vicarage, I call that moderate, auntie."

"Don't they say the third time is fatal, my dear?"

"Then, never leave me alone with him for two minutes, Aunt Sophy, lest the third time comes off."

The young man from the vicarage answered his invitation in person that afternoon. "I've just looked in to say I'll come," he announced, finding the two ladies with their books beneath the beech trees in the garden.

Aunt Sophy, who had heard family talk of this rector of Winnie's—to be the Reverend Sir Gerald when his uncle died, and to whom Mr. Traill had presented the living, it was believed, not without a view to eventualities—was ready to fall in love with the young cleric's personal beauty and charm, as she was already impassioned of his aristocratic lineage.

"Well, how any girl can resist you, I don't know!" she said, anostrophising his slender back as the visitor, having at length been told by Winifred to go, retreated across the lawn. "I have rarely seen a handsomer man."

"Isn't he rather a dear? I thought you'd admire him," Winifred said, "for my taste, his neck is just a little too long."

"My dear! You don't admire a bull neck, like that creature's who was here this morning?"

"Poor Hector Alexander! Has he a bull neck? And I think Gerry's head a wee bit too small on the top of the too long neck. I like a man's head to look as though it held brains, even though there's only water in it."

"But Mr. Herring is certainly clever! Plenty of conversation. When the third time of asking

comes, my dear girl, you'll have to consent; and my blessing!"

"Everybody's consent, everybody's blessing! I don't suppose there'll be a dissentient voice. Except — perhaps — Hector Alexander's."

"He surely is not impertinent enough to expect a voice in the matter?"

"Before I do it I shall have to ask him."

"Of course, you're laughing"

"I do assure you it won't be any laughing matter."

"My dear Winnie," cried Mrs. March, aroused. "You must not let this agent dominate you in such a pronounced fashion. Something will have to be done. The man is evidently a tyrant."

"Will no one rid me of him?" Winnie asked.

"I will try, dear. Let me and this nice young Mr. Herring try. I am sure we would both do anything to serve you."

"Yes, do try. I give both of you leave to try—with pleasure," Winnie said.

When the ladies met in the drawing-room before dinner that night Mrs. March learnt that Mr. Hector Alexander was also to make one of the party.

"There is such an uncomfortable number," Winnie explained. "And Hector expects to be asked to dinner every now and then."

"He might expect! He wants to be out in his place, my dear."

"You do it, Aunt Sophy. I confess the feat is beyond me."

"I think I shall be able to do it with very little trouble," the elder lady said.

She entered on her task with great satisfaction to herself in the minute it took her to traverse the hall from drawing-room to dining-room, the time of her distinguished fingers resting on the nobleman agent's arm.

"This is the first visit I have paid

to Swankey since my dear brother's death," she said. "What an interesting sight to see this young lady at the head of the estate. Squire of the parish. All her affairs so well in hand. She is capable of managing and directing. She might have been chosen from all the world to fill such a post, Mr. Alexander. Beautiful person, of commanding intellect, and strong business capacity."

"Pardon me, I don't think she has any business capacity whatever," the agent said. "In fact, she knows no more about her own affairs than a babe. She is at the mercy of any unscrupulous person; an idiot could cheat her."

"I entirely disagree with you. I am happy to say. In fact, I think, with her, that not enough is left to her unassisted judgment. No one should attempt to bias her decisions. Her authority should be unquestioned."

"Do you and Miss Traill really think all that?"

"We do; emphatically. However, it is to be hoped that when she marries—and I greatly hope it will be before long—her husband, while assisting her with the fatiguing part of her duties, will—will—" She floundered here, not knowing exactly what it was she wanted the husband to do.

The agent, listening with imperturbable face, did not help her out.

"It will be very satisfactory," she concluded as she reached the dinner table.

"You think so?" Alexander asked, and took his seat with an air of stolid indifference.

Aunt Sophy, placed opposite her niece, gazed at the men on either side of the table. "What a contrast!" she mentally ejaculated. "Bourgeois et gentilhomme!"

She was pleased with the phrase; she would use it to Winnie later on, she thought.

"Bourgeois" had much less height than his aristocratic-looking fellow-

guest, was of much heavier build, his shoulders very broad, his chest very deep. His stiff, high collar must have been three sizes larger than that which encircled the young parson's elegant throat, Mrs. March disgustedly decided.

"Dear me! He looks as if he would knock anybody down for sissence!" Aunt Sophy said. "I shall certainly not rest till Winnie has won her hands of him."

Having hidden her agent to her dinner table, it seemed that Miss Traill took little further notice of him. He sat, for the most part, silent, listening, or not listening, to the talk among the rest. But his silence was evidently more the effect of imperturbability and an absolute confidence in himself, making him superior to the usual anxiety of the ordinary man not to be a nonentity than the outcome of awkwardness or shyness.

Miss Traill and her clerical guest had apparently an endless flow of conversation. They had the same friends, had read the same books, been to the same places; from Winnie's talk to-night, it appeared, enjoyed the same tastes. Each evinced an undisguised pleasure in the society of the other.

"There is not much doubt how this is going to end!" Aunt Sophy smiled to herself, looking across at her charming niece.

The Squire, as they called her in Swankey, was beautifully dressed—more beautifully than Mrs. March thought the informal dinner warranted; but it was natural, the lady reflected, that the girl should wish to show herself at her best to the man she was expecting to marry. Brown-haired, and softly tinted, she looked her sweetest in pink; and pink of a tender shade she wore, in soft folds crossing upon her white breast, in transparent gauziness veiling her white arms. A pearl pendant was at the base of her round throat,



"MR. ALEXANDER IS NEVER BEATEN, ARE YOU?"

and a pearl comb in her soft cloudy hair.

"Small wonder that he is madly in love with her!" her aunt thought, and turned from the contemplation of the happy couple to that of the silent agent, patiently eating his dinner, his mind one could divine, fixed on nothing more interesting than the means he would adopt to coerce his employer into taking the course he desired.

"By the way, Mr. Alexander, you were speaking of my niece selling an outlying property. Where is it, exactly? I knew the estate well in my brother's time."

Winifred was enjoying some joke the Reverend Gerry was telling her, but she heard, and turned at once to the agent.

"You wrote about it, as I suggested, Mr. Alexander?"

"Oh, yes."

"And declined the offer, of course?" Aunt Sophy supplied brightly. "Come, dear Winnie, I felt sure Mr. Alexander would follow your wishes exactly in the matter."

"Not exactly, either," Alexander explained slowly. "I wrote and asked them to give us another day's grace. They said they would, till to-morrow. It will give you a few hours longer to think about it," he said, looking directly at the lady in pink.

She turned from his gaze to the clergyman, with a lip that twitched for a moment. "What would you do?" she asked him; and she, her aunt eagerly joining in, explained the matter in dispute. "Now, Gerry, shall I do as Mr. Alexander wishes, or as I wish?"

"As you wish," the young parson said without a moment's hesitation, and with a smiling look in her eyes.

"There, you see, Mr. Alexander!" Mrs. March cried, briskly. "Two to one. And that, to my thinking, must conclude the matter. You must acknowledge yourself beaten."

The ladies had risen. "Mr. Alexander is never beaten, are you?" Miss Trill said, glancing at him as she passed him at the door.

"I like to be quite sure I am before I give in," Hector Alexander said.

"My dear, send him about his business," Aunt Sophy repeated, the pair being alone.

"I really must," said Winifred looking down into her coffee cup. "It is the only thing to be done, isn't it, auntie?"

"Dismiss him. Do it at once. Strike while the iron is hot," the elder lady encouraged. ("You are perfectly lovely in that frock, Winifred.") He had the impudence to tell me to-night you had no head for business."

"I know he thinks that. He must be punished, auntie."

"Show him that, at any rate, you have determination."

"I will. You must be sure to back me up, Aunt Sophy!"

They drank their coffee on the terrace. Presently the men, having little to say to each other, came out to them there, with their cigars. And the four sat and watched the summer's dusk creep up through the park and settle slowly, like a gently disposed veil, on the roses in the garden at their feet. The great white owl came out from its nest in the elm tree and floated heavily on silent wing across the empty night. Ere long a star smiled in the dark blue of the sky.

The sweet influences of the night hushed the word and laughter on Miss Trill's lips. From being very gay she had grown very quiet, and lay in her chair with upturned face and dreaming eyes, out of which all the mischief had gone.

The Reverend Gerald Herring was a man who dreaded a silence in a social gathering as a reproach to his own conversational prowess. He talked on, therefore, gaily and unre-

mittingly, to Mrs. March, leaving the other unresponsive pair to their own thoughts.

"My dear Winnie, warm as it is, you should have something over your shoulders," the aunt said at length. "Which of these gentlemen will fetch you a wrap?"

"Bourgeois et gentilhomme," the good lady said again to herself as one man only rose, alert to do her bidding.

Alexander got slowly to his feet as the other went indoors.

"There is a matter of business on which I have to speak to you to-night. Could you spare me five minutes?" he asked of Miss Trill.

"Surely my poor niece may be free of business to-night," the indignant aunt protested.

But the "poor niece" got up dolefully and led the way indoors.

In the office it was nearly quite dark. "Do you need a lamp?" she asked him.

"Oh no. I have, after all, very little to say. From a word or two Mrs. March said to-night, and from—other things—I derived the impression you are going soon to be married. I wish to ask you if this is true."

"Why?"

"I shall not continue as your agent when you are married to Mr. Herring."

"I suppose not."

"Are you going to be married to him?"

"Not to-morrow, Mr. Alexander; nor next week; nor— You may be quite sure I shall not forget to mention to you when I am going to be married to Mr. Herring."

They stood by the open window. There was light enough to show that she held her head high, that his face was pale.

"It is a matter of importance to me, I wish to remind you."

"To me also my marriage will be a matter of some importance."

Then she turned her eyes from the garden into which they had been gazing and set them on his face.

"We have worked together for a couple of years," she said, and her voice was suddenly very winning. "seeing each other every day. I should feel—something—in parting from you; and you—"

"I shall have to look out for another place," he said shortly. "That is why I want to be warned in time—"

"I see. But I am so accustomed to your—rule, Mr. Alexander; so used to—doing exactly what you tell me, that even in taking this step—this step of my marriage—I should like to be sure you approved."

"That is quite out of my province, Miss Trill. It is not in the bargain. You have not paid me to advise you in your matrimonial choice, and I decline the responsibility."

He turned on his heel and walked to the door, but after a minute came back to her.

"Nevertheless, I would prevent your marriage with this nincompoop parson, if I could," he said.

"You would, Mr. Alexander?"

"He has asked you twice before, and you didn't take him!"

"It is the third time which is always fatal. He has begged me to see him alone to-morrow morning."

"You could have told him that your mornings are always given up to business with me."

"That would hardly have been true—or polite, Mr. Alexander."

"In short, you wish to give him the opportunity?"

"I think it will be a good thing over—and settled."

"Then my connection with your affairs must cease at once. You understand?"

"It is you who will it so. I shall miss you, Mr. Alexander, for my part; rather."

"I am afraid not for long. Can I see you to-morrow morning?"

decide finally about the sale of that property I advise.

"Certainly. Get here before Mr. Herring, will you? or I might not be able to spare you any time."

"I will endeavor to do so. Good-night, Miss Traill."

"Good-night, Mr. Alexander."

Winifred, left in the office alone, stood for some minutes in the window, looking up at the stars. When about to cross the brightly lit hall of her way to the drawing-room, she saw the agent standing, solitary, under the great central lamp, putting on his light top-coat over his dress-clothes. She drew back into the doorway and watched him, as slowly he thrust in his arms, slowly picked up and adjusted his cap. She waited, while with an abstracted air he chose a cigarette from his case, stood with cigarette in one hand and match in the other, forgetting that he held either, his heavy jaw advanced, his eyes fixed on a spot a yard beyond his own feet, evidently lost in thought.

Miss Traill moved, with her softly rustling draperies, across the hall: "Mr. Alexander," she said, and her voice was very low and sweet, "I should like you to sell the property you were speaking of; and to buy the farm you recommend me to acquire. Will you attend to it, please?"

"Certainly, Miss Traill." He had removed his cap, but he did not look at her.

"And you will see me about it in the morning, before Mr. Herring comes?"

"As you wish it. Certainly."

"You will be sure to be here before Mr. Herring?"

"You may depend on me."

"Good-night again."

"Good-night."

"That young Mr. Herring is the most liberal-minded young man," Mrs. March said when the ladies were alone. "He has been telling

me that as a business man your agent is quite unrivalled in the county."

"That is sweet of Gerry. Did he tell you anything else about him, auntie? That he is also the best whip in the county, has the best seat on a horse, rides the straightest to hounds, is a crack shot?"

"Is that so? But these things are not of much importance in an agent, dear."

"They are of importance in my agent, Aunt Sophy. You see, if he hadn't the sense to have things better than other men, and to do them better, I would not have had him for mine."

"Well, dear—if you look at it so! And there is something to be said for everyone, no doubt. But I think you would be happier with a person less autocratic in his place, Winnie. I still think we should try to be rid of him."

"Oh, we must certainly try, auntie," Winnie said. "In fact, when he comes to see me to-morrow morning I think I shall tell him to go, Aunt Sophy."

"Do, my dear; and when Mr. Herring comes, Winnie?"

"Why, I suppose I shall take Mr. Herring on instead, auntie."

Driving his dogcart on his way to hold his business interview with Miss Traill on the next morning, Mr. Hector Alexander must pass the vicarage. From its gate the Reverend Gerald was emerging, and he hailed the agent and asked him for a lift on his way. With a sullen face its driver stopped the spirited horse, and the young vicar climbed to the seat beside him.

"There is no particular hurry," Herring said, for it seemed to him they were rushing on their way somewhat recklessly.

"I beg your pardon; I am in a hurry," Alexander announced, and the horse flew along the road which divided the park. "Fact is, I pro-

posed Miss Traill to see her before you," he added.

"And now we shall both arrive together," the vicar said.

"We aren't there yet," the agent reminded him.

"Ever been turned out of a trap?" he was asking the vicar presently.

"Only twice in my life," the other said, his eyes fixed rather nervously upon the horse's ears.

"Like to go a third time?" the driver questioned.

"What do you mean? Lookout, man! We shall be on the bank?"

Miss Traill and her aunt were sauntering through the garden ways in the sunshine, when Winifred, suddenly stopping short, lifted a head to listen.

"Hark! Did you hear that?" she asked. "Someone called out. And there was a crashing sound. Look! Mrs. Peck is running from the lodge. There is an accident, Aunt Sophy!"

She started running towards the lodge gates, Mrs. March, less fleet of foot, hurrying after her. Halfway down the drive she was met by an excited Mrs. Peck on her way to the stable for help.

"It is Mr. Alexander's trap," she gasped. "Two of 'em in it. One of 'em's lying like dead, miss."

"Which?"

"Oh, I don't know—don't ask me!"

But Winifred went, running with shaking knees and an ashen face. Presently Peck and a couple of stable-hands passed her, also running. "One of 'em's badly hurt, if he ain't dead. Best ride for a doctor," the woman screamed after them.

"Which?" Winifred called to her in vain. "Which?" she kept sobbing to herself as she ran on.

And when at last she reached the lodge gates, and in a few minutes, by gaining the road, could have known, her courage failed, and she turned off into the park, going heavily, with feet catching in the long grass beneath the trees, which

bordered the road. Perhaps when she reached the spot she would know without seeing—perhaps she might force herself to look over the fence—

She heard voices—Peck's hoarse tones, and—whose was that? Gerry's—Gerry's, sounding more shrill and excited than its wont. He was there, then! She had felt that he was one of the two. And it was not Gerry who was hurt! After all, she dared not look—she dared not know.

She turned her back on the road, and began making her way into the more deeply wooded part of the park. Someone who had seen her from the road, and had leapt the hedge, ran after her, ran past her, turned to meet her with arms extended to stop her.

She held him, with both hands clutching the collar of his coat, her eyes straining at his face, breathless, too moved for speech.

"Oh, are you hurt?" she gasped at last. "They said—they said you were hurt?"

"I am not hurt. No one is hurt." "You aren't telling me truth. Oh! there is blood on your face, Hector!"

* * * * *

"You did it on purpose," she was saying to him presently.

"What makes you think such a thing?"

"You dare not look at me and say you did not do it on purpose! You might have broken his neck; poor Gerry! Aren't you a very wicked, wicked man?"

"Yes, dear."

"I can't have such a wicked man for my agent, Hector."

"No, darling."

"My husband is going for the future to be my agent, let me tell you."

"I always meant he should be."

"Hector Wellington Napoleon Hannibal Caesar Alexander?"

"The same."

A Central American Incident

How the British Navy Protected a Canadian

By
WATSON GRIFFIN.

A VERY large amount of Canadian capital has been invested in the countries of Spanish-America in the development of water power, the building of street railways, the purchase of oil lands, and in mining and lumbering operations. It is not the purpose of this article to consider whether it is wise policy to invest Canadian capital in foreign countries when there are so many opportunities for investment in Canada. However this may be, there is reason to believe that in the future even more than in the past many of the great engineering and commercial enterprises of Spanish-America will be financed by the group of men who control the banking and insurance institutions of Canada. There is a large and increasing demand for manufactured goods in those countries; already some of our Canadian manufacturers are reaching out for the trade, and a large export business to Spanish-America may be regarded as a certainty of the future.

Now, it is well known that government is not very stable in some of the Spanish-American republics, and that the ideas of law, order and personal liberty are very different from those which prevail in Canada, but few Canadians know to how great an extent the safety of Canadian investments and the liberty of Canadians employed in connection with them depend upon the power of the British navy.

Nearly forty years ago, before

Canadian capitalists had turned their attention to Spanish-America, at a time when it would be correct to say there were no Canadian capitalists, a Canadian by the name of McGee, a naturalist of no mean attainments, went from Montreal to Central America to make certain studies there, and eventually settled on the west coast of the Republic of Guatemala at the little town of San Jose, the port of entry for the capital city. He was shortly afterward appointed British consular agent at San Jose. The position was not a lucrative one, but it had its honor and gave him time to pursue his studies. One evening in the year 1871 Mr. McGee was entertaining a few friends when a messenger came from the commandant at the port, saying he wished to see him. McGee said:

"Kindly give my compliments to the commandant and tell him it is impossible for me to go at present, but I will be over to see him as early in the evening as possible."

Shortly afterward the messenger returned and said: "The commandant demands your immediate presence and says to tell you if you do not at once appear before him he will place you under arrest."

McGee told the messenger that he would see the Commandant in a hotter place than San Jose before he would comply with such a threatening order, and if the Commandant wished to see him immediately he had better come himself.

The Commandant did come, but with a body of soldiers, and carrying McGee off to military prison, ordered that he should receive fifty stripes on the naked back. As an actual fact McGee received fifty-one stripes and lay almost at death's door for several months at the home of another Canadian, Mr. Stanley McNider, of Guatemala City. He owed his life to the careful nursing of Mr. and Mrs. McNider, who, like himself, were natives of Montreal.

Meantime, however, the British Minister at Guatemala was active. He at once cabled the Home Office and immediately came a reply that a British cruiser then lying off Puntarenas, Costa Rica, had been ordered to San Jose, and would be there within forty-eight hours, and instructions were that if during the interim the Guatemalan Government had not made official apology, not only to the British Government, but also to McGee, and agreed to pay McGee five hundred pounds sterling for each and every stripe received, a total of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, San Jose should be taken. Before the British warship arrived the official apologies were given, immediate payment of the money offered and the Commandant reduced to the ranks and imprisoned. McGee did not accept the money, but he afterwards pointed out that the facilities for shipping and landing goods at San Jose were inadequate and that if he were given exclusive dockage rights he could secure capital to provide proper facilities. The Government of Guatemala granted him the exclusive rights asked for and he disposed of them to the *Campania de Agencia*, which today is one of the wealthiest corporations in Spanish-America, while McGee himself is a multi-millionaire.

About twenty years after the punishment and compensation of McGee, a near relative of mine was attending to some business in the Republic of Guatemala when war broke out be-

tween that country and the neighboring Republic of Salvador.

He had traveled much in Spanish-American countries, having an extensive business with a large number of native agents under his direction. He was thoroughly familiar with the Spanish language and well acquainted with the customs of the people, but had found on many occasions that nothing but his British citizenship saved him from outrageous treatment. The mere mention of the fact that he was a Canadian and a British citizen everywhere commanded respect. Some weeks after the outbreak of the war between Guatemala and Salvador I received from him a letter which read as follows:

"Since I left Canada I have more than once written you that I found my British citizenship of immense value while traveling in these southern lands. I may now relate another incident which will, perhaps, interest you. You have, of course, read in the newspapers about the war between Guatemala and Salvador. When the war broke out I happened to be at Coban, several days' mule-back trip across the mountains from Guatemala City, and had with me my moko (Indian servant), saddle mules for him and myself, and a cargo mule for our luggage. I hastened for Guatemala City, intending to wind up business there, then get out of the country and down to Nicaragua by steamer. We found the country everywhere up in arms and men and animals being pressed into service. As it was, every day there were military attempts to seize my animals for army purposes. Fortunately, I had my British passport (Canadian issue) and we got through to Guatemala City without serious delay.

"My steamer was not to sail from San Jose until the third day, and as restrictions as to travelers were daily growing more severe I deemed it wise to take all possible precautions, so called at the British Legation and saw

Mr. Chapman, acting charge d'affaires. He asked for my passport, which he endorsed and officially stamped, and said he thought that would be sufficient, but as further precautionary measure, gave me a letter to the Guatemalan Minister of Foreign Affairs, asking him to give me any further papers necessary. The Foreign Office took a day to prepare a special document covering two large folios of double vellum, which called upon everyone in the Republic to afford me protection and freedom of travel. I took this back to the British Legation for examination by Mr. Chapman, who said that he considered I was well armed, but that should I by any means find trouble, to communicate with him by wire or otherwise and he would immediately act in the name of the British Government. I left for San Jose on the early train next morning, arriving at San Jose at noon, expecting steamer for Nicaragua to be there, but found it would not arrive until night. I left luggage at the docks, but spent the day about town. The steamer did not come that night, and the next morning, learning that it would be evening again before it arrived, and needing some of my luggage in the meantime, I picked up a couple of mocos to carry it from the docks to my hotel. On our way to the hotel we were stopped by a lieutenant with a squad of soldiers. He ordered me to proceed with him to the Commandancy. I asked permission to first see my luggage to the hotel, which he refused, but kindly deputized a couple of soldiers to see that the mocos took it safely.

"As I marched into the Commandancy, another officer and squad filed in with five more prisoners. The Commandant, a very military and very pompous looking individual, sat at his desk and we were all lined up before him. He commented with me and asked what papers I had. From his manner and tone I judged he considered I had some seditious papers on me, so declared I had none.

"What," he said, "Have you no permit to travel?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "I have my passport," starting to produce it.

"That is no good. I don't want to see it. What else?"

"I got out my big document from the Foreign Office and handed it to him. He merely glanced at it, threw it down and said, 'That is worthless.'

"I told him it was all I had. He turned to the officer in charge and said, 'Remove the prisoner aside,' and I was forthwith marched to the other side of the room with two soldiers to guard over me. The Commandant then proceeded with the other prisoners, each of whom produced a small slip of paper about the size of a note sheet, which was at once accepted, endorsed and returned and the men were free.

"I then asked the Commandant what was required.

"A permit from the Minister of War," he replied.

"But I am a foreigner."

"I know you are a foreigner."

"Well, as such it seems to me I have only to do with the Minister of Foreign Affairs."

"It makes no difference what it seems to you. It is what I require."

"What happens to me without it?" I asked.

"You remain prisoner until you get it. You may, subject to our censure, communicate by wire or letter with your country's Minister at Guatemala, and if everything be all right he will doubtless arrange the matter for you."

"Mr. Commandant," I said, "my steamer goes out this evening and there will not be another for ten days. It is a matter of great importance to me that I should go on it, and if I am detained by you I will see that it costs both you and your Government a pretty penny."

"You had better be careful how you talk to me," he angrily replied.

"You had better be careful how you act with me," I said, "You know

what happened in 1871 to a Commandant, who in this same port, took high-handed procedure with a British subject?"

"Are you a British subject?"

"I am."

"Let me see your passport."

"I handed it to him. He examined it, then rose from his chair, stepped forward and said:

"I sincerely beg your pardon—I thought you were an American," and placing a chair for me, added, "Please be seated."

"He instructed an orderly to bring some papers from an adjoining room, and after looking them over, said:

"Let me see. You came down from Guatemala by yesterday noon train, didn't you?"

"Yes," I said.

"Well, I only received my instructions from the Minister of War this morning, and as you came in yesterday, I consider your document from the Minister of Foreign Affairs will be ample."

"He then urged me to have luncheon with him, but I refused and went to the hotel. However, in less than half an hour he came over to the hotel and was so insistent that I finally went to luncheon with him and remained to dinner. I was treated throughout as a guest of honor. When my steamer arrived at night it was anchored about a mile out, as all steamers there are on account of the dangerous coast, but instead of being taken out in a 'lifter,' as all other passengers were, the Commandant himself took me out in the Government's steam launch.

"As you already know, this is but one of many instances of British prestige. I have been through other affairs in different countries, all redounding to the fame of British protection, and I know of many more that have happened to others.

"I have no sympathy with those Canadians who talk of separation from the British Empire. I know there are not many of them at home, and I

think there are none of them here, for any Canadian who has traveled in these countries must recognize the value of his British citizenship. If Canada is to hold her own in the many countries to which her growing commerce extends, if her citizens are to feel proud of their country in every part of the world where they may find themselves they must know that not only at home but abroad their rights will be respected because of their citizenship, and in many foreign lands such respect and protection can only be relied upon when it is known that force would be used, if necessary, to maintain their rights and that such force would be adequate."

Since the war between the United States and Spain showed the efficiency of the American navy, the prestige of the United States has greatly improved throughout the southern continent, and Americans are no longer held in contempt.

The same spirit of adventure and enterprise that made the early French explorers the pathfinders of North America, the same spirit that has sent Englishmen, Scotchmen and Irishmen over the face of the earth and made the British Isles the world's commercial centre moves in the hearts of Canadians to-day. Almost every Canadian family has at least one of its members abroad. They are found in every state of the American Union, in Cuba, Mexico, Central America, and all the countries of South America, in China, Japan, India and Africa. Wherever they go they are protected by the British navy and the British flag, the symbol of British power. What a sense of security it gives to a traveler, whether bound on business or pleasure, to know that the whole might of the British Empire is behind him! But how mean he feels when his fellow British passenger reminds him that the over-burdened taxpayers of the British Isles are paying the whole cost of maintaining British prestige!

The time has come for Canadians

to do their share in policing the seas. If they have the spirit of adventure and enterprise which distinguished their French and English ancestors they must have also the pride that would make Frenchmen or Englishmen scorn dependence upon any other nation for protection at home or abroad. Canadian naval defence should mean something more than defence of Canadian shores. It should mean defence of the rights of Canadian citizens everywhere. This can be best secured by the maintenance of a strong and efficient Canadian unit of the Imperial navy, which should be ready at all times to co-operate with the British fleets in the North Sea or any other sea, but should have as its special duty the guarding of the shores of Canada and the British West In-

dies and the protection of British citizens in the countries of Spanish-America. In return for this service to the Empire Canada might without shame depend upon the British navy for the protection of Canadians in other quarters of the world.

There might also be arranged in the future some system of co-operation with the American navy. To depend upon the Monroe doctrine and the taxpayers of the United States for protection of our citizens, as has been proposed, would be disgraceful to the Canadian people, but there would be nothing humiliating in the acceptance of service for service. The navies of the British Empire and the United States combined could enforce the maintenance of peace, law and order throughout the world.

BY RIGHT OF MIGHT

by Archie D. McKishnie

TIMBERTON, junior member of the Timberson Scale Company, sniffed trouble as soon as he entered the office, a large red-faced man glanced up from his desk, transfixed Timberson with one quick, icy glance and went on with the perusal of his morning's mail. Timberson shoved his suit-case under the table and glanced down at the pile of letters awaiting his attention. There was one lying open. It was brief and to the point. Timberson read it while he was drawing his chair out. Then he sat down and read it again.

"Well, don't that just beat the devil," he soliloquized half aloud.

"Yes, but unfortunately not our competitors, the Jepperman Scale Company," snorted his father, wheeling about. "The Jepperman people seem to be getting the whip-hand on us at every turn of late. How do you account for it, and how, I might ask, do you, sir, account for this, the cancellation of the biggest order of the season?" waving a pudgy hand toward the letter. Timberson, Jr., shrugged his shoulders and his black brows met in a straight line. He pushed his chair back and stood up. He was a tall, raw-boned man with a square chin like his father's, probing eyes like his father's, temper like his father's. "How do I account for it?" he repeated, "why I think that may be done easily enough. I should have stayed in Wilbury until the test was completed and the papers signed. I knew it, but, as usual," with a low bow, "you knew better. You said come in and make ready for Winnipeg. I came leaving that oily Dake,

Jepperman's agent on the ground. That's all."

"No! It's not all, sir. You might add that in spite of the fact that our springless, "Nonthermostat" is acknowledged the best scale on the market, it's the Jepperman Scale that is going to be placed in the Wilbury Departmental store. The manager just don't say that in his letter. He don't need to. He simply states that our scale, under test, has proven unsatisfactory, and this, after him telling you that he had decided to give ours the preference over the Jepperman, placed on approval in several departments of his store at the same time as our "Nonthermostat." We lose this order, then who, I ask you, will get the Figuet, the Stanley and the big Martin orders now? Jepperman, of course."

"Not by a-blamed sight." The son brought a big fist down on his table with a crash that sent the open letter flying across the room. The senior partner's cold eyes gleamed approval for a brief second's time then they burrowed into his letters. "Dake seems to have the knack of plucking your 'near orders,'" he said with a dry smile. "The present case is simply a repetition of what happened in Quebec. Our scales came back yesterday, Jepperman's scales stayed. I don't want to think that little Dake a cleverer man than my son and partner. Have I made myself clear, sir?"

"Quite clear, thank you." Timberson walked over to the speaking tube. "Send Dorrin down to the office," he called. "How are you, Dorrin," spoke Timberson, waving the shipping-clerk to a seat. "Look

Ending One's Work

By Josiah Gilbert Holland

ACCOUNT the loss of a man's life and individuality, through the non-adaptation or mal-adaptation of his powers to his pursuits, the greatest calamity, next to the loss of personal virtue, that he can suffer in this world.

If there be one man before me who honestly and contentedly believes that, in the whole, he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or the shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit or swing the hammer over a blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside—whether your work be that of the head or that of the hand—whether the world account you noble or ignoble, if you have found your place, you are a happy man. Let no ambition ever tempt you away from it by so much as a questioning thought. I say, if you have found your place—no matter what or where it is—you are a happy man. I give you joy of your good fortune; for if you do the work of that place well, and draw from it all that it can give you of nutriment and discipline and development, you are, or you will become, a man filled up—made after God's pattern—the noblest product of the world—a self-made man.—*From "Plain Talks on Familiar Subjects."*



"HOW DO I ACCOUNT FOR IT?" HE REPEATED

a little tired. Not used to long railroad trips, eh? By the way, you found everything right in Quebec, I suppose. Brought the scales back with you, eh? Have you unpacked them yet?"

"Yes sir," answered the clerk, "I unpacked them this morning."

"Well, suppose we go and have a look at them?"

Dorrin hesitated and made as though to speak. Then he passed through the door held open by Timberton.

"Turn on all the lights," spoke that gentleman, when they had reached the shipping room. "Now Dorrin, just point out the ones that have been away on vacation."

Timberton passed along scanning and testing the mechanical parts of the scales. The shipping-clerk stood behind him, saying nervously with a marking brush he held in his hands. After what seemed to him a long time, Timberton stood up and stretched his long arms with a yawn.

He sat down on a packing-box and motioned the other over beside him.

"Dorrin," he spoke, "You've been with us nearly four years. I've learned to depend on you in one way and another, maybe its because we used to swap grievances, before I was promoted." He laughed and slapped the clerk's shoulder. Dorrin's responsive laugh was a failure. "I'm going to ask you something," continued Timberton, "but before I do I'd like to know if there is anything you would like to tell me."

Dorrin stood up. "I guess maybe there is something," he said slowly, "I met Duke at the depot when I was leaving Quebec. We had words and I struck him."

"Why?"

Dorrin winced. "Maybe I was wrong," he said hesitatingly, "but the fact is I found every set of our scales out of balance. Somebody had loosened the adjusting device. I found out that Duke had bought

the night-watchman a new overcoat and I put two and two together."

Timberton got up and walked up and down the room.

"Turn off the lights, Dorrin," he said at length, "and Dorrin," he laughed catchingly and gripped the clerk's hand, "you're all right, boy, keep on."

Timberton strode back to the office, head up and eyes ominous.

"You will please raise Dorrin's salary five dollars a week," he addressed the accountant. He turned from the wicket to meet the astonished and angry gaze of his father and partner. For a long second their eyes clashed, then Timberton reached under the table for his grip.

"I'm going to Wilbury," he announced shortly and passed out.

Through four golden hours of the afternoon Timberton sat in a private compartment of the International Limited smoking cigar after cigar and thinking, thinking.

He was still smoking and thinking when the train drew into Wilbury. Hoarse-throated hack-drivers bowed to him deferentially and waved him an invitation to ride up-town.

Timberton handed his grip to the driver of the Union Hotel, and swung down a by-street. It was evening and the cold electric lights

that kill the twilight beauty, jabbed spitefully through the semi-darkness. Timberton skirted the main thoroughfare and sought the Wilbury Departmental store by a round-about course. As he expected, he found the store closed for the day; but a glimmer of light dribbled through the chink between the blind

and sash of the office window. Timberton knocked and waited. Then he knocked again. He heard a chair being pushed back and a step come down the hall. The door swung open and a short, heavy-set man in his shirt-sleeves, peered out.

Timberton stepped inside. "Mr. Fish," he said, "I want three minutes of your time and I want it now."

The manager of the Wilbury store turned with a frown, then recognizing his visitor, laughed and held out his hand.

"Mr. Timberton," he said, "you may have as much of my time as you wish, but before you

speak allow me to express my regret at being compelled, after an honest test, to purchase a different make of scale than your own, for our various departments."

"Tell me," said Timberton, dropping into a seat, "I would like to know just what changed your mind regarding our scale. You remem-



"DUKE HAD BOUGHT THE NIGHT-WATCHMAN A NEW OVERCOAT"

ber, you were more than pleased with it, you told me so."

"And, ead, I meant it too. Every word of it. I thought it had the Jepperman spring scale beat to a standstill. But, do you know after you left here that scale of yours seemed to develop nervous trouble. Couldn't seem to control itself at all; indicator balked and wouldn't stop anywhere, it seemed. Why man, it takes it a full half minute to come to balance. You know what that means in a place like this."

Timberton nodded. He pulled a circular from his pocket and placed it on the table before the manager. "See that?" he asked indicating, with his pencil, a small thumb-screw in the scale's beam. "That screw adjusts the balance. It has to be kept tight. It takes years to loosen it ever so slightly and it was tight on all the scales, when I left."

Mr. Fish looked his surprise. "Then somebody?" he commenced and checked himself, nodding his head slowly up and down.

"Precisely," answered Timberton. "And I could find the book of directions you left me either," said the manager, "do you suppose, Timberton, somebody got hold of that, too?"

"Undoubtedly," Mr. Fish leaned back with a sigh. Suddenly he rose and pressed an electric button. "John," he spoke, to a man with a lantern, who responded to the summons, "light the way into the grocery department."

In the grocery department the Timberton "Nonthermostat" and the Jepperman scales, reposed side by side on the various counters. Timberton picked up a three pound weight and placed it on his scale. The indicator swayed drunkenly to and fro, and in exactly half a minute came to a standstill.

"You see," spoke Mr. Fish, with a shrug, "it's too much of a time-killer, my boy."

"And you see," said Timberton,

"this adjusting screw has been loosened as far as it will go. However, one twist of thumb and finger fixes that. Now then put on your weight."

Mr. Fish placed the weight on the platform, and at once the indicator flashed about and stood still. "That quick enough?" smiled Timberton.

"Well, now," commenced Mr. Fish, then he swung about on the night-watchman. "You have never admitted any one here after hours, have you John?" he asked sternly.

"No, sir," answered John promptly, "At least no one except Mr. Dake, sir, who came to me with an order from you. He'd left some tools here as he needed, so he said."

"So Dake had an order from me, did he?" said the manager, quietly, "an order to be admitted after business hours, the liar."

He turned to Timberton, "I gave Dake an order for thirty sets of his scales not two hours ago," he said. "You've got to come over to the Union with me right now and help me get that order back."

"With pleasure," said Timberton. Mr. Dake was smoking comfortably in his room, magazine on knees and feet on table, when he became aware that he had visitors.

Recognizing Mr. Fish, he smiled an oily smile, then, catching sight of Timberton, he brought his feet down off the table with a crash.

He sat, his small eyes shifting from one to the other of the men before him, the combination of triumph, insolence and conceal.

"Well?" he asked at length. "I want that order back," said Mr. Fish.

"That order has been mailed to the company," smiled Dake.

Timberton strode over and stood before him. "You had better give Mr. Fish that order," he said, quietly, "and you had better be quick about it."

"Ho, it's a hold-up, eh?" snarled Dake. "Well, we'll see about that," and he reached for the bell.

Timberton's strong hand gripped him by the collar, and he was swung forcibly back into his seat.

"I tell you I haven't got the order," protested Dake.

"Oh, yes you have," said Timberton, "and because you got it by a trick, as you have got others, I'm going to take it from you by force if I have to break you all up to do it. You are going to learn your lesson right here. I'm speaking now under great restraint. If you don't believe that,

you needn't hurry about passing over the order."

Dake glanced up fearfully. One look at Timberton's face and he made haste to play safe. With shaking hand he drew the order from his pocket and threw it on the table.

Mr. Fish picked it up with a smile. "All hunky," he said, "this is it."

That night Timberton took the midnight express back to the city. In his pocket reposed an order from the Wilbury departmental store.

Brain-Building

By

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Seaweed and strap, a groovy vessel.
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wars and whitewind wrestle!"

THAT is practically the order given by every conscientious parent when he sends his boy to school. The vessel is the brain and the schoolmaster is entrusted with the building of it, but the fact is that it is already built before the schoolmaster's aid is invoked.

I remember asking that gifted man, the late Dr. Rutherford, when he was Headmaster of Westminster School, whether I should be correct in saying that, regarding education as a preparation for life, seventy-five per cent. of it in England was done before a boy entered a public school. His reply was, "Put it at ninety per cent. and you will be nearer the mark. What we do in public schools is to impart a certain polish, but the form and function of the particular article of furniture, and the texture and grain of the

wood, have been fixed and determined before it comes into our hands."

It would take volumes to describe fully the building of the brain, and to discuss the merits of the different styles of cerebral architecture that have been recommended as best calculated to fit it for its perilous voyage. There are brains of all sorts and sizes, of many different calibres, but whatever their dimensions, capacities, or uses may be they are all built of the same kind of material. They are constructed of brain substance, white and grey, and it is about that, that I wish to say a few words.

The most wonderful stuff in the world is the brain substance—the apothecia of protoplasm. If we could read it aright, and holding it in our hands understand what it is, we should have revealed to us more fully than by any "flower in the crannied wall" what "God and Man is."

The brain substance proper, or grey mantle, composed of countless mil-

lions of cells, little pyramids of nucleated protoplasm, sending out branches in all directions, and enclosing the mass of white substance made up of conducting cables, differs demonstrably in structure in different animals and in different regions of the same human brain. As regards the form, number, arrangement, and connections of the elements of which it is built up, it is not alike in any two human brains—never was and never will be—for it is the arcana of individuality.

But as regards its chemical constitution, brain substance is, everywhere, very much the same. It is impossible to distinguish in the test tube between a bit from the brain of an idiot and a bit from the brain of a philosopher. And yet we are justified in inferring that there are chemical differences in it if we could only detect them.

In certain diseased conditions chemical changes have been recognized in the nerve tissues and in the fluid that lubricates the great cerebro-spinal shaft and dome, and it is probable that subtle differences and substitutions in its diorganic compounds correspond with differences in temperament and habit of action.

It is upon the integrity and vigor of this brain substance that all mental manifestations depend, and therefore the due supply of proper nutriment to it is of paramount importance in connection with all human affairs. The brain must be suitably dieted if it is to do its work, and the question of the feeding of the brain is therefore one in which all are interested.

Now the brain, like all other organs in the body, feeds itself. The blood current, when normal, presents it with an ample choice of foods; and from these, it, with nice discrimination, selects those which are most suitable to its requirements. But the blood is not always normal; it may be impoverished and the brain is starved; it may be excessively enriched and the brain is surfeited; it may carry per-

nicious ingredients and the brain is poisoned.

Strictly speaking, there is no especial brain food, but there are certain constituents of food that are essential to brain nourishment, and amongst these there is one that has been exalted into a position of primary significance, and that is phosphorus. "*Ohne Phosphor kein Gedanke*," said Buchner—without phosphorus no thought—a wild generalization founded merely on the fact that a phosphorized fat enters into the composition of the brain. We might as truly say, "Without sulphur or without iron no thought."

Ever since its discovery in 1669, phosphorus, "the light bearer," has been credited, more on analogical than on scientific grounds, with some integral part in mental operations, and modern research has so far confirmed this by showing that it is necessary to the completeness and growth of the brain. Whenever growth is most active, phosphorus is most abundant; and the brain and the bones more especially demand supplies of it while they are developing.

A due admixture of it in the food of children and adolescents is therefore of vital importance; and while we cannot specify any particular diseased condition that is induced by a deficiency of phosphorus in food, we are warranted in concluding that as a deficiency of lime in the food causes softness of the bones, a deficiency of phosphorus may make the brain slow and slack in evolution.

But although phosphorus is essential to brain growth and health, quite enough of it for these purposes is to be found in an ordinary mixed diet, and there is no call for the use of phosphates in their inorganic form. It would seem indeed that phosphorus in its inorganic shape is much less useful than in its organic combinations, and it should therefore be furnished to the system as contained in food rather than in manufactured salts,

which are phosphates of the alkalies and earths.

Foods, however, differ greatly in the amount of phosphorus they contain, and regard should be had to their phosphorus endowment in choosing and recommending foods for the young.

If the ultra-vegetarians had their way in the feeding of the young, indigence of the brain would probably be induced. A child reared on carrots and turnips, which contain 0.036 and 0.058 per cent. of phosphoric acid, respectively, would probably grow up sheepish, if it grew up at all, and make a poor show compared with another child fed on eggs and mutton, which yield 0.337 and 0.425 per cent. of phosphoric acid.

Of all ordinary foods cheese is richest in phosphorus. It contains as much, expressed as phosphorus pentoxide, as 1.81 per cent., while green vegetables contain only 0.18 per cent. As cheese, besides being well stored with phosphorus, is really the most concentrated form of nourishment with which we are acquainted, and contains in most suitable proportions the best nerve- and muscle-forming ingredients—a pound of Cheddar cheese represents the total casein and most of the fat in a gallon of milk—it is a highly desirable food for the young. The drawback is that the fat it contains makes it indigestible for delicate stomachs, and young stomachs are delicate as compared with adult ones.

Apart from mere idiosyncrasy, which is sometimes responsible for a repugnance to cheese, a distaste for it often arises out of its indigestibility, and this again is often attributable to its not having been properly masticated, to its having been eaten too freely after a full meal, or when over-ripe and so tough and dry, or to its not having been combined with farinaceous matter of some kind, as it should be. Properly employed and of proper quality, it is a form of food that is appetizing, wholesome, nutritious,

and cheap—excellent as a substitute for meat or to supplement an insufficient meat diet.

It is to be hoped that, having regard to these qualities and more particularly to its flesh- and brain-forming principles, and its freedom from toxins which conduce to gout, cheese will hereafter enter much more largely than it has hitherto done into the dietary of children and adolescents in the brain-sprouting period.

Special preparations of it, such as the Casana cheese and cream, which make savory combinations with farinaceous and vegetable foods of all kinds, and in broths and soups afford concentrated nutriment to the sick, and which supply proteins and phosphorus in a highly digestible form, will, I believe, prove a boon to the rising generation.

The recognition of the need of phosphorus as a brain food, and the belief that fish contains much of it, have led to the extensive use of fish by brain-workers. But the belief is a fallacy—founded, it appears, on a random statement by Dumas, the chemist—and those who seek phosphorus in fish will be disappointed. Fish is, nevertheless, an excellent food for brain-workers who are leading a sedentary life—as so many brain-workers do—for the lean kinds of it, at any rate, with a smaller proportion of proteins and of extractives, are less stimulating than meat. For young folks with excitable and unstable nervous systems or with neurotic tendencies, fish may with advantage to a large extent take the place of meat.

It was the quest for phosphorus, and a crude notion of like nourishing like, that originally led to the adoption of the brains of animals as a brain food for man; but recently it has been suggested that they might be beneficial otherwise than through the phosphorus in the lecithin which they contain.

The wonderful effects that have followed the administration of extracts derived from certain glands of the

animal body, or of these glands themselves, have created the hope that the growth and working of the brain might be furthered by feeding on animal brain substances or extracts which would supply to the lymph and blood in an easily assimilable form the active principles which are essential to brain nutrition.

It is now a matter of common knowledge that a transformation that may be called astounding has been wrought in cretinous idiots and the victims of myxedema—a grim disease—by preparations of the thyroid gland of the sheep. Dwarfish, feeble-minded, toadlike, hide-bound beings—mere human caricatures—have been made to add a cubit to his stature, to display intelligence and assume comely lineaments by the supply to them of the material of which they had been deprived by defect in their own thyroid glands.

The triumphant results thus obtained have incited experiments with many other healthy animal glands and bodies, with the view of rectifying many varieties of impaired nutrition and degeneration; and what may be called a fair trial has been given to cerebral or brain extract.

That trial has not proved satisfactory. The extract is not without some slight physiological action, but in mental disease it has been practically useless, and no indications have been obtained that brain-feeding in any shape will stimulate brain function or growth. The brains of animals may, therefore, continue, as they have hitherto done, to form a not very popular element in diet, a readily digestible but not highly nourishing food; but no expectation need be entertained that they will do more than this, or contribute to what, in slang phraseology, is known as "braininess."

As I have said, there is no special brain-food. At all stages of life a rational dietary based on physiological common-sense, which holds the balance between economy and prodigality, will yield the brain all that it

wants to make the best of its resources.

In the first stage of life—in infancy—mother's milk is the only thoroughly wholesome brain-food. No foster mother, or cow, or bottle nursing, or patent packet, can take the mother's place. Many a failure in life has been due to the denial of this natural right, and to a check given to brain-growth by improper feeding during the lactation period.

After infancy, at every stage the diet may be regulated on general principles, without any attempt at supplying any particular kind of building material to the brain. At every stage there are errors to be avoided and modifications to be adopted, but these can be adequately dealt with only in a treatise on dietetics.

At every stage a proper quantum of protoid—that omnipotent tissue former—which seems to have a stimulating influence on the brain, should be provided, and as growth goes on this should be derived more and more from animal foods, which are its most compact and digestible source.

There is one stage of growth when the proper feeding of the brain is of especial moment, and that is during the transition from childhood to adolescence. With the metamorphosis that then takes place there is a change in the appetite for food.

While the wisdom teeth are growing tastes are altered. Childish things are put away. In boys the love of sweets and fruits becomes less clamant, and is replaced by an increased relish for animal food and savories. In girls, on the other hand, the appetite for sweets is intensified, and in them the reconstruction of taste that is going on is sometimes betrayed by squeamishness about certain kinds of food, or by morbid appetites, as for chalk and raw rice.

At this transition period and throughout adolescence there is a peculiar tendency to malnutrition and anemia, and very liberal food supplies—more liberal, indeed, than those

required by the adult—are absolutely necessary. If these be withheld, nervous exhaustion and unrest are not unlikely to arise, and these again may develop into a craving for stimulants. It is at this period that the drink habit which is so likely to end in inebriety in later life is formed; so alcohol in all its disguises, and in all its happy associations, should be studiously avoided. But a generous diet should be insisted on, and foolish experiments in abstinence, whether from religious or athletic motives, or from pure faddism, should be discouraged.

There is one kind of food that seems to me to be of marked value as a food to the brain and to the whole body throughout childhood and adolescence, and that is oatmeal. Oats are the most nutritious of all the cereals, being richer than any other in fats, organic phosphorus and lecithins.

Wheat bread is, and will probably always remain, the principal nutritive substance of the civilized white man, and is pre-eminent for assimilable protoid; maize is a food highly nutritious and sustaining, and is richest in fat; rice is richest in starchy matter, barley in mineral matter; but oats have good qualities that are all their own.

Oats used to be often spoken of disrespectfully as a food fit only for the lower animals and Scotsmen. A recent French writer says the bread made from oats is coarse and consumed only in very poor countries, which shows that he is unacquainted with the vogue of oatmeal in England.

But while oatmeal has been gaining

ground amongst the well-to-do in Great Britain, it has unhappily been losing its hold on the laboring classes. At one time it was the mainstay of the Scottish laborer's diet, and it produced a big-boned, well-developed, mentally energetic race; but it is no longer, having largely given place to less useful and economical foods, and, in the case of the children in the large towns, at any rate, to tea and bread-and-dripping. This is much to be regretted, and it is to be hoped that the efforts now being made to win the people back to a faith in oatmeal will be successful. Oatmeal in the form of porridge with milk is, I believe, unrivalled as a breakfast food for children and for young men and women.

Some recent scientific observations have thrown new light on the physiological effects of oatmeal. It has been shown that in rats fed for eight weeks on oatmeal and water the thyroid gland was double the size of the same gland in rats that had been fed for the same time on bread and milk. Now the secretion of this gland is, as has been already said, intimately connected with nutritive processes throughout the organism—atrophy or destruction of the gland and cessation of its secretion being productive of cretinism or myxedema. It seems probable, therefore, that the bulk and brawniness of the Northerners have been in some measure due to the stimulation of their thyroid gland by porridge in childhood. Oatmeal is apparently through its action on the thyroid, as well as directly, conducive to the building of the brain.

The ledger of the Almighty is strictly kept, and every one of us has the balance of his operations paid over to him at the end of every minute of his existence.—*Herby.*



Halley's Comet and the Fate of Humanity

Some Interesting Prognostications of What May Happen Should the Earth Run Into the Tail of Halley's Comet and Become Enveloped in its Poisonous Gases.

Camille Flammarion, the eminent astronomer, takes up some of the prophecies in connection with the probable encounter of the earth with the tail of Halley's comet next May, in the *Herald Magazine* Section. What will be the result of this meeting and the immersion of the earth in the immense gaseous appendix of the comet, he asks.

The poisoning of humanity by deleterious gases is improbable. Doubtless if the oxygen of the atmosphere combined with the hydrogen of the comet's tail it would mean universal death with short delay. But, on the contrary, there resulted a disinfection in the supply of atmosphere the heads of every one of us would experience an unexpected sensation of physical activity and the human race would come to a sudden end in a perennium of joy, national delirium and mad song; at bottom, probably, averaged at its base. Chastely, cold, on the contrary, would come universal poisoning of the lungs. Spectral analysis has not yet shown us what are the chief elements in the tail of the comet.

Hydro-carbon combinations of nitrogen are frequent.

From photographs and analyses made last year at our Jovian observatory by Messrs. Guinard, de la Roche-Flaviol and Balbin of the Murchison comet, electricity seems to play an important part in the strange phenomena observed. There exists there a formidable electrostatic field, and electro-magnetic forces have added their influence to the repulsive force of the sun.

Various minds have, however, no reason to be troubled—indeed, too—by these prognostications. Comet tails, it is true, are immense, but they are so light, as verified, that the terrestrial atmosphere in his lead is comparatively thin. We are globe completely enveloped into such a tail we would, without doubt, be saved from a cataclysm by the atmospheric curtain which surrounds us. The comet might be compared to a fog through which a locomotive was rushing at full speed.

A shower of shooting stars might, perhaps, fall directly in the high regions of our sky or we might be treated to the illumination of an immense aurora borealis. Besides, the earth has twice within the last hundred years passed through the tail of a comet without being

troubled thereby. This was in 1065 and in 1365. Let us hope that it will be the same this time.

For Americans the passing of the comet before the eye will take place during the day. It will be sight in France. In both conditions the phenomena will be interesting to observe. It is not, however, certain that this phenomenon will be produced. The calculations are not yet finished. Let us live in peace.

M. Flammarion gives some interesting particulars about the comet. It should reach, on April 20, the point of its nearest approach to the sun. Its speed is then 54,000 metres a second or 194,000 kilometres an hour, the fastest speed which it attains in its immense circuit of 65 years.

Nothing in the efforts of the electric, solar, luminous radiation of the sun, it becomes impregnated with its rays, undergoing in its whole being fantastic transformations which lead to prodigious glory, developing it by multiplying, ten times, a hundred times. Its volume, increasing it to millions and millions of kilometres by a kind of phosphorescence which always is extended away from the sun and gives rise to the formidable tails which filled with terror the souls of our ancestors.

Thenceforth the wanderer's path takes it away from the ardent centre to sink into the deserts of immensity, gradually diminishing in size, becoming a sort of invisible bubble, and finally to fade again the sight of its apogee in which few years and years it is lost to the eyes of astronomers as the earth. It goes away to a distance of five thousand millions kilometres, into the ultra-Septuagint night, in which its speed is gradually decreased to less than a kilometre per second. The total duration of its circuit is sixty-five years.

It is during its retreat from the sun that the encounter with the earth may take place. According to the calculation of several astronomers the comet may pass before the sun about May 18. At that date its head will be twenty-six million kilometres away from us. Now the comet's tails are often thirty, forty or fifty kilometres in length and they are always extended away from the sun. Hence the earth may be enveloped in one of the tails for several hours, and it is on the effect of this immersion that scientists have been speculating.

King Albert and the Congo

A Careful Student of Modern Government, Albert I. Has Brought to the Problem of the Congo Possessions a Mind Determined to Clear up All Grievances.

The attention of humanity has been directed so much of late, both in books and magazines, to the alleged atrocities on the Congo, that it is interesting to read such an article as Professor Foster, of Bowdoin College, Maine, has contributed to the *New York Post*, in which he gives his impression of the new King of Belgium, after having interviewed him at Brussels.

King Albert in thirty-four years old, vigorous in body, easily and cheerfully in appearance, alert, keen in mind, catholic in interests, deep

in sympathies, wholly unostentatious—in short, a man who might well be a leader in an American college community.

It is to his credit that he has maintained a reputation quite out of keeping with that of the royal family of Belgium. With the delays of the late King and his disinclined daughter, Albert has had nothing to do. Through all the unhappy dissipation of Belgian royal affairs, the heir to the throne kept solemnly on his way, preparing for the duties and responsibilities that awaited him. That it was, too, he maintained the confidence and respect of all Europe. In a situation where the least breach of conduct would have been seized upon and magnified to the injury of his reputation, the young prince kept his name unsullied. He married one of the daughters of the enlightened and pub-

Requited Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, and the marriage has been a happy one.

It is characteristic of the young king that he took pains to visit not only the African country, over which he might some day be called to rule, but also the industrial and manufacturing centers of the United States, being the only monarch of Europe to explore the Congo, and the only one to prepare himself for the commercial leadership of his people by a firsthand acquaintance with the economic resources and methods of the new world. In his visit to America, with characteristic straightforwardness and simplicity, he refused to waste his time at banquets and receptions, proceeding directly to offices, factories, and commercial enterprises to attain the chief aim of his visit.

Professor Foster found King Albert possessed of a remarkable grasp on every phase of his country's history and present conditions. He had as well a knowledge of what other countries were doing in various departments of education and government.

Evidently he was in touch with the Congo reform movement's throughout the world. The room in which he was at work was rich with carefully collected material bearing on all phases of the question. The idea current in America that the authorities in Belgium were careless of the opinions of the world was quite contrary to the actual conditions. Nor was he eager to follow the course of the Congo agitation merely for political considerations. He was evidently making a genuine effort to disentangle from the mass of unfounded opinions that came to him on every hand such facts as appeared to have any kind of verifiability.

His Congo Museum, which Professor Foster was privileged to inspect, contained a collection of maps, products, photographs, native utensils, and every conceivable thing bearing on the history and present condition of the Congo.

One cannot come away from an inspection of the thousands of photographs in this museum and in the possession of the Belgian monarch without being convinced that Leopold's rule of the Congo has done some things for those im-

agined people that the world has not yet given him credit for.

It would be absurd to generalize the goodness of most of the promoters of the Congo Reform Association in America. Yet it must be admitted that reformers, both here and in Great Britain, are eager to give weight to photographs that indicate abuses in the Congo, while they pass by or distort those that show the beneficial influence of the Belgian rule. Prince Albert showed me, for example, a picture that appeared first in London, and was later reproduced in the United States, tending to highlight the awful courage in Africa. It represented a group of natives sitting around a pole that stood numerous human skulls. One of the women held one of these skulls in her hands, holding over it as if mourning the loss of a dear husband who had been cruelly wounded from her by the infamous agents of Leopold. Beside this I saw the original photograph, in which the "skulls" were nothing more than the one of a house wall, and in the top of the woman was one of those pieces of pottery upon which she was working. The photograph had been skillfully doctored. And yet on a pamphlet against the Belgian rule, widely circulated in America, appears the legend: "Photographs do not lie."

Professor Foster also refers to the memorial presented to King Leopold by the oldest and largest Protestant mission in the Congo, which reads as follows:—

"The committee of the British Baptist Missionary Society of London desire most respectfully to address your Majesty as King-Sovereign of the Congo Free State and to express their grateful acknowledgment of your Majesty's personal and helpful sympathy with all wisely considered efforts put forth for the enlightenment and uplifting of your Majesty's native subjects living within the territory of the Congo Free State. In the prosecution of this noble task the committee of the Baptist Missionary Society desire gratefully to acknowledge the many signal and helpful proofs they have received of your Majesty's approval and support."

That there have been abuses in the Congo, Professor Foster admits, but he holds that these abuses have been largely confined to the vast regions that have been leased to private rubber companies. The shame of these affairs, so far as Belgium was concerned, lay in the fact that King Leopold himself was a large shareholder in these private companies. A hope for better things has dawned with the accession of King Albert I.

Taking the Census in England, Germany and France

Lessons of Economy for the United States and Canada in the Systems Employed by Those Countries When They Take Their Periodic Censuses of Population.

It will not be many months now before the Dominion's decennial census will be taken. This fact lends interest to an article on census-taking to be found in Pearson's Magazine, in the course of which the systems employed in England, Germany and France, are contrasted with that followed in the United States. The former are conducted on a most economical basis, whereas in the United States, the securing of census returns is made the opportunity for working a huge political graft. From this danger we are not at all free in Canada.

The English system is first explained in detail.

Official announcement is made that on a certain hour of a certain day, the census will be taken. The day is usually Saturday, and the hour is either midnight or 11 p.m. A late hour is chosen night is selected, because those who have been away during the week usually come home to stay over Sunday. Printed circulars, prepared by the government, are sent by the police to the head of every family that lives in a private dwelling, to the owner of each apartment house or lodging, and to the owner of each hotel.

These circulars contain blank spaces in which the citizens are required to record every fact about themselves that the government desires to learn. The household in which no one such a blank is left is required to fill in, within a specified reasonable time, the names of all those who, at the hour the census was taken, were under his roof, together with information regarding the precisely whereabouts of those domiciled with him who were temporarily absent. The owners of hotels, apartment houses and lodgings are themselves required—and under heavy penalties, too, for disobedience—to see that their guests or tenants both promptly and properly fill in the blank forms.

While the work of preparing data is proceeding within doors, the police are engaged in rounding up stragglers in the streets. A man is seen in the shadows, walking toward what may be his home. A policeman stops him, telling him name and address. Another policeman boards a car filled with passengers. Every peo-

ple must tell who he is and where he lives. All of the required information concerning these persons has previously already been written out in the place in which they live, but the latter hear otherwise, as a check against omission, are nevertheless interrogated.

Sometimes a tricky Englishman who, for reasons of his own, does not want to figure in the census, tries to evade the government by hiding around all night in a cab. Ten shillings to one he will not succeed in his purpose. Cabs are stopped as unobtrusively as on any street car or pedestrian. The government wants to know. The government will not be denied.

All over England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales this proceeding takes place at the same hour. Rural police have carried the blanks to the peasants' cottages, as the metropolitan police have borne the circulars to the homes of the dwellers in the cities.

A day or two later—perhaps Monday or Tuesday—the blanks are gathered up. But they are not collected by specially appointed enumerators waiting, by the grace of politeness, at every wagon, but by the police, as part of their regular work for their regular pay.

In Germany, a census is taken whenever the Bundesrath gives the order, usually every three or four years. As in England, circulars are printed and distributed by the police. But they are not collected by the police. The burgomaster issues a call for volunteers. So many offer to help that the aid of all cannot be accepted. School teachers, unemployed clerks, retired business men and others proffer their services without promise or hope of a mark or a pennig as compensation. "In Germany," says a German official, it is considered an honor to respond to any call that the Government may make for gratuitous public service.

The French system is perhaps the best organized and most efficient of the three.

France, at all times, has the name and address of each of its people, as well as the names and addresses of all travelers who arejourning within its borders. Within a week

from the time a child is born, its name must be reported to the police. The birth-report must also give the names of the child's parents, together with their address.

French officials, therefore, carefully look after that name and address. If the child's parents move, they must give due notice. If the child dies, notice must also be given. If the child is a boy, his name, when he becomes of voting age, is placed upon the roll of eligible voters. If he moves from the country, his name will be crossed from the records. So long as he is in France, his name and address are kept. Only death or emigration are out of the record.

It is therefore a simple matter for France to take a census. Knowing the names and the shifting places of her people, she knows when to count and where to count them. Even the aid of the police is not required. The whole

proceeding is carried on by mail without postage. The chief civil official is the smallest provincial division—representing one of our townships—receives the necessary blanks to all of these persons who are domiciled within his district, together with envelopes in which the completed documents may be returned to him without the payment of postage. The official of this division reviews the returns and forwards them to his superior office, whose practice is comparable, let us say, to that of an American county clerk. The officials whom we should call county clerks report to others whom we should call governors, and in this way all of the facts of the census are finally communicated to Paris, where they are prepared for publication by regular government employees and published at the bare cost of white paper, press and binding work.

comes yearly from the same area. The average harvest of every green thing has greatly increased, because the soil has been enriched by the use of stable manure applied directly from the barn as it was produced. No commercial fertilizers have been used, and no manure has been brought in from outside.

Mr. Dietrich made milk one of his sources of income. The farm is a dairy one, the only products regularly sold being milk and a few head of young cattle each year.

Milk sales, if worthy of it, are feared for breeding purposes, but none is valued for veal. If a calf is not fit to raise as a breeder, it is killed at birth. "It doesn't pay to feed \$60 worth of milk to a calf that will sell for \$7" takes the owner, who has figured it all out. The young cattle bring on an average \$100 each, and about five are sold every year.

All the milk is sold at 25 cents a gallon the year round to a State institution two miles distant. It contains on an average 5 1/2 per cent. of pure cream. The amount of milk produced is exactly the same at all seasons, and averages about twenty-nine gallons a day. This is equivalent to a yield of 4,000 pounds a year for each of the seventeen cows.

The farm has no pasture. No time is wasted in driving the cows to and

from the pasture, and all the land is utilized for raising food crops. All the work, with the exception of the planning, is done by a man and a boy.

The hill at foot of the cows is an carefully selected as the spot of the level at a very low level: for Mr. Dietrich is a great believer in the self-cleaning and fertilizing properties of good food. When food thus comes the cows get what he calls their "bottom." Each is divided into three "seasons." A portion of it is some mountain stock—illegals in winter, and eye, timothy and clover, oats, peas and corn, or some other green crop in summer. A second portion consists of dry hay or fodder. This is used to improve the quality of the manure proper and adds much to the convenience of caring for the cows. A third portion is milk products, of which three kinds are used—butter, old milk and gluten. The proportions depend on the condition of the cow and are regulated by the few of milk and the consistency of the manure.

Mr. Dietrich is no longer living on the farm. He found that he had to give up so much time to showing visitors around and explaining things, that he had no time for himself. He sold the farm and has taken up another tract of land elsewhere, its location being a secret, known only to the Department of Agriculture.

Making a Small Farm Pay

The Remarkable Achievement of a Retired Clergyman, Who, Without Any Previous Knowledge of Farming, Cultivated a Small Fifteen-acre Farm Successfully.

A small fifteen-acre farm in Pennsylvania, which was for some years owned and managed by a parson, who went a-farming without any practical experience whatever, has been thought worthy of a special bulletin by the United States Department of Agriculture. This extraordinary farm and its owner are described in Putnam's Monthly. His name is Rev. Josiah D. Dietrich, and when he bought the place he had never guided a plow-handle or pitched a fork of hay. He did not know when, what and how to plant, the kind of earth suitable for certain grains and grasses, what the slope of a hillside means in increasing labor, or the effect of swampy land on certain seeds. He was equally ignorant about the care of live-stock, the best breeds for such a locality, how to make them give more milk and other knowledge so necessary on the farm.

The Rev. Josiah D. Dietrich determined, however, to make it go if possible. His old great deal at reading and thinking about agriculture—becoming what our West calls a "hobby farmer." It was not an easy task, for there was so much extra work to be performed before he could get everything running as he wanted it, but the system he had planned was finally completed, and the farm routine then proceeded without a hitch.

The result? When the nature-loving preacher began operations he had a mortgage of \$1,200 on the property. The first year he came out just \$40 behind his expenses; but in the next six years he paid for mortgage and stopped this deficit on his income—without borrowing a dollar. All of the money was the surplus income from this little corner of Pennsylvania. To-day his herd of seventeen milk cows earn \$1,000 every year at an expense for their "keep" of only \$100; and milk is only one source of revenue.

"No waste" was the owner's motto from the outset and his economies related especially to manure. At first there was not enough forage to support two cows and a horse. Now thirty head of cattle keep sleek and fat on the feed which

Negro Colony Where White Men May Not Settle

An Illuminating Instance of the Ability of Negroes to Work Out Their Own Industrial and Social Future When Cast on Their Own Resources and Left Alone.

In the heart of Bolivar County, Mississippi, lie the village and colony of Mound Bayon, a remarkable settlement of negroes, which was discovered by a Memphis journalist only a few years ago, after it had been in existence for twenty-three years. It has since attained such a measure of fame, that President Roosevelt in the last year of his ad-

ministration went out of his way to approve of it as a visible proof of what the negro could do in the matter of self-colonization and Andrew Carnegie set his seal on its intellectuality by presenting it with a \$50,000 library.

The colony is described in some detail by Hiram Tong in the Century Magazine.

The history of Mound Bayou is the account of a definite, deliberate race movement. In 1871, two ex-slaves, Benjamin Owen and Deitch Montgomery, bought from the Union Mississippi Valley Railroad a plot of its unimproved land in Bolivar County. To Montgomery had come the vision of a new colony which should give the homeless self-governing and self-supporting. At the time that part of Bolivar was an impenetrable forest, through which the railroad had blazed its right of way. The land was for sale at a few dollars an acre, and the tract was five miles from a white settlement. It was the opinion of Montgomery that this wilderness was the territory for a new colony.

Montgomery and Owen purchased a tract of eight hundred and forty acres lying on both sides of the railroad, and began settling in its own buildings to negro farmers. The initial difficulty was to attract colonists to the land, and then to hold them until the land was cleared and they were well started as their homes.

Gradually a number of colonies drifted in. When they brought their families and household goods, they took up tracts of land and remained. Those that came to land and to which were yielded from the colony, fled away by the hard work and the actual hardships facing them. A score of White-Cap victims fled to the colony from the southern counties of the State. These early colonists were motivated by the very real problem of gaining a living with the wilderness and the means could be raised and sold. And this problem the Mound Bayou colonists met by their own efforts, much as the Western pioneers had done in the wilderness of Kentucky and Tennessee. They arduously managed to sustain themselves in the forest while they were cultivating the soil and gathering the first crops. But in the place of selling out of blackness with small tracts of land to order that they might eat, the Mound Bayou colonists took their own and went out into the vast wastes. During the first three years of the colony they sold \$300 worth of timber, the cutting of which enabled them to clear the land for planting. And in the place of planting rice and wheat, they planted cotton, which yielded them two hundred and twenty bales a year. So cornmeal and thirty were the colonists that in three years they not only cleared the original tract, but they added to it four thousand acres.

After three critical three years, the colony's permanence was secure. Montgomery's vision of a race colony has been made concrete, and the American negro, on his own initiative, had gone from the white man, and he is his own third of endurance had built him a thriving community.

Five thousand negroes now live in the colony, and every acre in its alluvial soil is owned by negroes. The largest part of its acreage is farmed in forty-acre tracts by negro owners, the remaining colony lands are held by village capitalists. A

white man cannot secure Mound Bayou real estate at any price.

The agricultural colony is the important fact of the Mound Bayou experiment. It is the most significant evidence that the Southern negro has yet given of his fitness as an independent producer, or of his economic value as a citizen. Strangely enough, in his own colony the negro's shyness, his laziness, his rural ingenuity, disappear as he is released to a wilderness home. The negroes of Mound Bayou Colony are industrious, painstaking, and shrewd.

On the colony's ten thousand acres of cleared land, the negroes have raised and market annually five thousand bales of cotton, the sale of which puts into circulation in Mound Bayou \$250,000 yearly. They ship from the unworked lands large quantities in the red stove lumber. They raise eighty per cent. of the corn and hay the colony consumes, and export to adjacent cotton-land with thousands of pounds of cottonseed. They raise and own enough live stock to turn their heads. In short, they are a group of average Southern negroes who have managed, without outside subsidy and without outside advice and assistance, to build up a highly successful agricultural community.

The negro colonists of Mound Bayou own live land, or more it at standard cash rentals from negroes. The bank lies across to the gate of Mound Bayou, stores it in the warehouses, and sells it to the market of Mound Bayou. He keeps his facilities and his live stock in the town, and his building materials he gets at the Mound Bayou lumber yard. He purchases his cotton, his peas, and his hardware from the Mound Bayou general enterprise. He even made his own by the work of "The Demonstrator," Mound Bayou's paper. He takes his goods from the negro doctor and he gets his own food from the Mound Bayou dealer. They are expensive stores, for his products are toward gold coins and other glittering dealers. Finally he is aided by a Mound Bayou dealer.

In brief, the credit of all life transactions go to his race. His industry and their contribution to the prosperity of his race. His town, and faithfully to his own welfare. He has become, though he does not know it, a one-fifth.

The town has a bank, which is capitalized at \$25,000, and is handsomely housed in a new brick building. There are forty-seven stores and shops. The head of nearly every family owns some real estate and nearly every individual has a bank account. The astonishing fact is that all the capital in Mound Bayou has been amassed in the last 20 years, by negroes who are not above the average negro in education and training, and that their efforts have remained virtually unaided.

The Principle and Application of the Gyroscope

An Explanation of the Principle on Which the Mound-Bayou System of Locomotion is Based, With an Account of Louis Brennan's Experiments in England.

The practical demonstration made by Mr. Louis Brennan of his ability to operate a railway car on a single rail by means of the gyroscopic attachment, has awakened the keenest interest in all parts of the world. The question naturally arises, how is the balancing feat accomplished? and in various magazines writers have set about explaining the principle. *London Engineering* explains that stability is secured through the same principle as is to be seen in Nature, when the movements of the heavenly bodies are studied. The earth revolves on its own axis, while at the same time it moves round the sun.

But besides these two movements there is a third, which was discovered by the Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in B.C. about 150 to 125 B.C. He made several important contributions to scientific knowledge, but by far the most valuable one, which he must have obtained by analyzing the Carian observations recorded over the previous 1500 years, was that the axis of the earth has a special up-like motion—known as "precession"—in the opposite direction to that in which the earth itself rotates. If you mount a gyroscope, or magic top in a gyroscope, within a ring, upon a long piece of spindle-like with pointed extremities, which will not hold themselves upright when the gyroscope is at rest, you will find that retaining the gyroscope keeps the whole structure steady. By degrees, of course, the outer rings themselves begin to precess at a point at which a ball will be visible; but, as Lord Kelvin pointed out, "bury on the precession and the top rises." That is to say, in this kingdom of sciences we are investigating, if you increase a movement which would, usually, have produced a fall, you actually prevent that fall from taking place.

"The peculiar property of 'precessional' motion," has been known, therefore, to exist. But Mr. Brennan is the first to investigate fully these sciences which it comes in the spindle-like of the instrument I have described, and he is the first to discover a practical way of automatically "burying the precession" in a manner which enables a machine consisting his intention to keep its own balance under all conditions. He is, in fact, the first fully to utilize

the latent energy evolved from the spinning of a gyroscope, and to produce, with the aid, a state of things as like life that it first appears to be mechanical, and it seems to contradict every known law of Nature.

"He has found, to begin with, that two gyroscopes are necessary, leastwise as both vertical and horizontal curves have to be dealt with. These gyroscopes (or "gyroscopes") as they would more accurately be called, are so coupled as to produce a combined effect which is the sum of the about of the two wheels together; and their rotation is opposite directions, but in the same plane, their axis being constantly parallel to the axis of the roadwheel and at right angles to the rail. The actual position of these gyroscopes is immaterial. They may be in the web in front, or beneath the axle in the middle, or at the back. Provided they are within the framework of the carriage they determine it so effectively that it would run in equilibrium in any position capable down, for instance, or even up edge.

A good description of the car and its performances appears in *Nature*, which was written by an engineer on the spot at the time of the trials.

The railway track was of considerable size and weight, being forty feet long and ten feet wide, weighing when empty twelve tons. It ran upon four wheels three feet in diameter, placed below the center-line of the track, each pair of wheels being actuated by a "long leverage" similar to those fitted under the bogie vehicles now commonly used on ordinary railways. In ordinary practice, of course, four wheels instead of two are attached to each "bogies," and the arrangement is adopted chiefly in order to permit the wheels to pass readily and easily across the curves of the railway line. The centers of the bogies in the Brennan vehicle were twenty feet apart, and curves only thirty-five feet in radius were traversed in the course of the trials. The wheels are decelerated so as to fit over the upper part of the rail, and the experimental track was laid with seventy-pound Virginia section rails, carried by transverse sleepers three feet six inches long. The carriage was self-propelled, and was driven by a belt driven by two motors of forty to fifty horsepower, a speed of about seven miles an hour being maintained when running on a straight track of a hundred and five feet radius. From the track the carriage rose on a slight piece of line, and was subsequently driven over

sharp system curves, keeping practically upright throughout. When some fifty people stood on one side of the car, it revolved almost level. This stability as was explained previously, was due to gyroscopic control. There are two gyroscopic wheels, each three feet six inches in diameter and weighing three-quarters of a ton, which are driven by an electric motor at a speed of three thousand revolutions per minute, while an air tight case in which a high vacuum

is maintained. Mr. Brennan would have preferred a still higher rate of revolution, and it may be obtained hereafter. In which case smaller and lighter wheels would give equal stability. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Brennan has succeeded in reproducing on full scale in this large carriage, which can carry a load of from ten to fifteen tons, results corresponding to that obtained in his model truck of 1907, which was only six feet in length.

soldiers began to roll out of Paris toward the French frontier.

The Germans interpreted obstacles. There were delays. Inaction and uncertainty. But France showed itself to be the possessor of money almost beyond the counting. Millions of crowns, of louis, and of napoleons, gold pieces which have the effigies of kings who had been dead for centuries, were cheerfully extracted from their hiding places and gladly given in order to free the fatherland from foreign occupation.

The treaty of Frankfurt was signed on May 10th, 1871. In September of 1873 the last franc of the indemnity had been paid, and the last unpaid franc had disappeared from France. It was a wonderful demonstration of patriotic feeling. It was, perhaps, a still more wonderful demonstration of the financial strength of a nation which then held, possibly as it holds today, the greatest store of actual money to be found anywhere in the world, the estimate for 1880 being \$10.50 for every franc being within its borders.

The Nation With the Money Bags

How France has Become the Banker of the World, Having More Available Cash in its Banks to the Credit of its People Than Any Other Nation on Earth.

From a strictly financial standpoint, the nation of the world best equipped for war at the present day is France. That is to say France possesses the greatest hoard of gold and silver, that, at a moment's notice, could be employed to meet the urgent necessities of the Government. These are facts that are brought out by George M. Richards in the Scrap Book.

In November last, the Bank of France contained, in actual gold coin, more than 2,200,000,000 francs, or \$45,000,000, an increase within one year of more than \$125,000,000. Since that time it has steadily added to its hoards, so that now it holds several times the amount of gold which lies in the vaults of the United States Treasury, while the amount of silver which it possesses is at least equal to ours.

France, in fact, is in a position to be the banker of the whole world. Its government immediately controls an amount of coin appreciably near the whole mass of coin existing in the United States, while to this must be added, according to the estimates of M. de Parille, about a billion dollars in actual specie, circulating among the people or hoarded by them.

In the savings-banks of France there are deposited almost this sum, and so one can form any accurate estimate of how much gold and silver are stored away by the thrifty populace of the thirteenth century in the world.

He who realizes the widespread wealth of

France that century controls no such number of millionaires as the United States; but, on the other hand, it is populated by men and women who make the earning of money almost a religion. Every son is weighed and counted. Every source of waste is stopped; and, therefore, the French nation, people who, looking the people are almost all engaged in hoarding money.

Mr. Richards proceeds to tell the story of the way France met the huge war indemnity levied by Germany, after the Franco-Prussian War was over. Bismarck, shrewd man that he was, under-estimated the French resources. He thought that five billion francs or one million dollars would cripple the country and would enable Germany to occupy permanently some of the richest provinces in France, as an alternative. But he figured wrong.

The government of France called for a loan which should release the fair fields and vineyards of Champagne from the belated invaders. The response to this appeal was extraordinary. Men, women, and even children, brought forth their hoards of gold and silver in exchange for government securities.

A flood of bullion and argentoid aid deluged poured out from every city and hamlet in the land. Stockings were changed, life-size figures long disused were of gold and silver pieces forced into Paris and at once railway-trucks packed with bullion and guarded by

Racconigi, the Tomb of the Triple Alliance

Speculations Based on the Meeting of the Czar of Russia and the King of Italy Which Seem to Portend a New Grouping of the Powers on the Continent.

The meeting last fall of the Tsar of Russia and the King of Italy at Racconigi, a royal castle in Italy, has been taken by many statesmen to mean that the Triple Alliance—Germany, Austria and Italy—is doomed, and that a new grouping of the European powers is about to take place. Dr. E. J. Dillon, of the *Contemporary Review*, elucidates the situation in his monthly essay on "Foreign Affairs" in that magazine.

The meeting itself was not remarkable, though the circumstances surrounding it were noteworthy. For many years it had been the hope of Italian statesmen to secure a durable friendship with Russia, but at every attempt to bring the monarchs together a barrier would suddenly spring up against it. Even the recent meeting was in danger of being put off, owing to the attitude of the Italian populace towards Nicholas, whom they regarded as the cause of innumerable abuses in Russia and Siberia. But the fickle public were transformed from hissing opponents into cheering admirers when it was announced that the Tsar would not set foot on Aus-

trian territory en route to Italy, but would make a long detour through Germany and France to reach Racconigi. The hatred of the Austrian more than balanced the hatred of alleged Russian tyranny.

This sudden and complete change of attitude on the part of a whole nation offers the nearest approach to a miracle one could find in the world of later-day political transactions. The ground had long been prepared for the rapprochement which Tsar and King achieved. Their meeting was but the reflex of such publicly given to a long sequence of private efforts. And they met with little mutual resistance, for the partnership with Germany and Austria-Hungary had never kindled the enthusiasm of the Italian people, who were less inclined to pay for inevitably a subordinate participation, as they believed, not only to the alliance attained or attainable, but also to their own limited resources.

The visit of the Tsar to King Victor Emmanuel had served as a theme for countless journalistic comments and speculations. The bulk of political writers predict a dissolution of the Triple Alliance and the rise of a powerful quadruple entente of Russia, France, Great Britain and Italy, which will make itself felt in the diplomatic campaigns of the future. Even the

and its change from year to year. These means, accordingly, be furnished him as his navigation charts show, showing what angle the compass makes with the true north, and so on. Thus wherever a ship is likely to go. These are called the "lines of equal magnetic variation" or of "equal magnetic declination"; they connect the places where the compass azimut is the same, as the "isothermal lines" join the places where the temperature is the same at a certain time.

Besides determining these lines the work of the Compass also includes the measurement of the "dip" of the magnetic needle, and the strength of the magnetic force. A knowledge of both of these additional qualities is requisite in the adjustment and compensation of compasses about the modern iron vessels. To ascertain the laws governing the magnetic phenomena, the scientific investigator requires the most complete knowledge attainable, and to him the dip and force are as important as the compass direction.

The Carnegie has been made absolutely non-magnetic throughout. The white oak which so largely enters into her construction was grown, cut and sawn within twelve miles of the shipyard where the vessel was built. She is fastened together by locust treenails, copper and Tobin bronze bolts, and composition spikes. Her rigging is of special-made Russian hemp. The four anchors, weighing in all nearly 5,500 pounds, are of bronze, with no clanking iron chains, but three 11-inch hemp cables each of 120 fathoms in length. Even the auxiliary propulsion, weighing about ten tons, has

been almost exclusively built of non-magnetic metals—bronze, brass, copper, and non-magnetic manganese steel. The crank shaft is of manganese brass, hammer forged; the fly-wheel is of brass and lead; the propeller, with two feathering blades of bronze; and the propeller is made almost entirely of copper. The galley cooking ranges are of special design and constructed of bronze and copper. The cutlery—knives, forks, spoons, etc.—are of Mexican silver, and the sailor's sheath knives of the non-magnetic manganese steel. Every bit of metal was subjected to a rigid test before it was allowed to go into the vessel.

The auxiliary propulsion referred to is of the internal combustion type, the engine being operated not by gasoline, but by producer gas, generated from anthracite pea coal. This is the first serious attempt to operate a producer-gas engine of this size on a sea-going vessel. With 25 tons of coal, representing a cost of about one hundred dollars, the Carnegie has a cruising radius of 2,000 nautical miles at a speed of 6 knots (7 statute miles). The average cost per day for coal consumption would be about seven dollars and the run per day 165 statute miles.

the first time in many years. In comparisons of actual naval power in northern waters it is no longer adequate to balance the British fleet against the German fleet. France can no longer be tacitly ignored.

France has suffered severely from the administration of her navy during the past ten years by the party politician.

Nothing indicates the magnitude of French naval administration better than one simple statement: whereas in the past ten years France has spent upon her fleet over 120 millions sterling, and has not to this date in the order of the leading naval powers: Germany has spent 115 millions odd, and has probably risen to the position of second naval power of the world. Again, from 1895 to 1905, France devoted all the aggregate expenditure on her fleet over 40 millions to the building of new ships of 18,000 tons and their armament; Germany, in the same period, spent 45 millions, and has obtained 64,000 tons of war shipping. In other words, France in this period has spent considerably more than Germany on naval defence and has steadily declined to a relatively negligible place as a naval power. While Germany, at last, ceases, has succeeded in becoming the most serious threat to the supreme Navy of the United Kingdom. The French have been paying for several years in the naval race and have secured only 8th place.

There has been a deplorable waste of national resources. There is no

navy in the world in which more money in the past few years has been devoted to the central administration and there is no navy with a central administration which has proved itself so incapable of meeting the real needs of the fleet.

Ships have been built, occupying three times as long as in England and twice as long as in Germany, and have had to wait for their big guns, and have finally been put into commission without their anti-torpedo armament; other ships have been built and armed and sent to sea without armament. It has been stated in the Chamber, and the assertion has never been seriously challenged, that recently the supply of ammunition to the Mediterranean Squadron was so inadequate that it would have been exhausted in two hours, while the coal supply would have proved insufficient if the ships, in time of war, had been required to steam any ordinary distance. Only those who have read the report of the recent inquiry can appreciate the deplorable state of administrative chaos to which the French Navy had been reduced.

The new Minister of Marine has initiated many reforms. He has made a clean sweep of the heads of departments. He has re-distributed the fleet. He has secured an increase in the estimates of 37,000,000 francs over last year's estimates and he is accelerating the construction of the six battleships of the 1906 programme.

The Renaissance of the French Fleet

A New Expert Administration is Rapidly Bringing the French Fleet up to a Standard Which Will Give it Second Place Among the Navies of the World.

According to an anonymous contributor to the *Fortnightly Review*, the French navy is undergoing a surprising change. A sailor—Vice-Admiral Boue de Lapeyrière, the youngest officer of his rank in the fleet—has

been made Minister of Marine and has become practically a naval dictator. The effects of his rule are already beginning to be felt, for in a short time a French heavy battle squadron will be stationed in the English Channel for

Has Limit in Size of Battleships Been Reached?

Admiral Seymour of the British Navy Gives His Reasons for Believing that the Limit has Now Been Reached and Bigger Battleships are not Desirable.

Writing in the *Cosmopolitan*, Admiral Seymour, R.N., advances four reasons for believing that the limit in the size of battleships has been reached. These are apart from the important consideration of cost of construction, which has now attained such appalling proportions.

It is so easy to sink a big ship with a war machine of much lower cost, that as a principle of national economy this issue must arise when battleships of greater cost are proposed. Another reason that should seriously interfere with larger ships than we now have is the limitation of harbours. There are only a few harbours in which the great battleships can anchor with ease. Thus again, the salvage of ships that run ashore, which is a painful no-

seem to say big battleships, is a far more difficult problem. The most important of all reasons, however, lies in the fact that few of the world's dry docks can handle any larger ships than are being built today. The problem of the battleship larger than the Dreadnought type will be to solve the building of a dry dock that will hold the ship. There I consider important reasons—the salvage, the men with which large ships are sunk, insufficient harbors, and lack of large dry docks—that will interfere with any construction of battleships on a larger scale than they are being built at present.

Admiral Seymour expresses doubts as to the wisdom of the production of the Dreadnought type of battleships.

It was a model for the world of the last world in battleships. It inspired the nations to a competitive emulation of their armament. It may be an important question of the latter, how far one nation should advance to the world its advantages in equipments for war. The supremacy of the British navy and the explanation of it have never been a secret. It consists in the large number of her fighting ships, the strength of her armament and the efficiency of her officers and enlisted men. The nations now have a complete knowledge of our nation's national strength. The guns of the British navy (not that matter, of any navy) are no longer to surprise any nation. This state of mutual understanding is a danger because its bearing upon the present peacekeeping of political movements. For this reason the necessity which the Americans are now faced to create a sentiment for war, which is not the true spirit of national supremacy.

The Admiral favors an equipment consisting of a few powerfully constructed guns and a numerous array of small-caliber guns, rather than a greater number of large guns.

He has great faith in the men who man the British navy. He states that they have no difficulty in enlisting men, and that the physical character of the service is excellent.

As for the aeroplane, he does not consider it a formidable ally or a dangerous enemy. It may at some future time be serviceable for scouting purposes in finding the enemies' ships. The dirigible balloon, on the other hand, can be made extremely effective in a sea battle. Its use will probably be to drop explosives upon dockyards or ships.

Of the future, Admiral Seymour

hazards a few opinions, which, coming from such a source, carry weight.

It has often been declared, at any rate, that the next naval war will be the last we have of it. In this connection, I have been asked if humanity will not sail a link on future continents should such a naval battle occur. My observation of human nature the world over leaves me in wonder sometimes whether we have really escaped the savagery, after all; whether our vaunted civilization is much more than an adornment of the savage. Human nature has not altered. One war will probably not make permanent peace.

Our modern cosmologists, of a more or less civil nature, have aimed to estimate the mechanical violence of war machinery, but peace organizations of the character of the League Commission have been unable to grasp such much more than across the latest of peace sentiment. The peace of the nations is not insured by sufficient weapons to maintain it. The sea must be policed as efficiently as the land. There is as much need for the power of arms at sea as there is in the street. The League may have been compelled to discover this fact in the proper control of her released hands. Perhaps its supremacy has been established largely upon grounds of police duty rather than national aggressiveness. Navies are police agencies of the sea. Upon them the peace of nations very largely depends.

A somewhat similar view to that expressed by Admiral Seymour, relative to the manning of the fleet, appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which Archibald S. Hurd writes: "The impression that it is difficult to obtain the 125,000 officers and men needed for the fleet ought to be well founded. Many reasons could be advanced in explanation of a shortage if it existed. Yet the truth is that the Navy is manned without difficulty, and the explanation is only in part due to the better food, higher pay, and improved prospects of promotion. One of the main causes of the change must be found in the officers. Finally, we have the ships and the men, and it depends on Parliament how many more ships and how many more men we shall have in the future. Our capacity for building ships and arming them is still unrivaled; as many men as are required can be obtained without difficulty, because the Navy is becoming increasingly popular."

What the Future Has in Store For Us

Thomas A. Edison Makes Some Notable Forecasts of the Effects Future Inventions Will Have on Our Life, and Describes Some of the Wonders of Radium.

A member of the staff of the New York Independent has been interviewing Thomas A. Edison and drawing from him some remarkable forecasts of what the wizard believes the future holds for humanity.

The clothes of the future will be so cheap that every young woman will be able to follow the fashion promptly, and there will be plenty of machine-made silk that is superior to natural silk in new shades of wood, gold, etc. I think that the silk worn by the women will go in fifty years, just as the lodge of India went with the production of lodge in French laboratories.

There is much ahead of us. We don't know what gravity is, neither do we know the nature of heat, light and electricity. We are only animals. We are coming out of the dog stage and getting a glimpse of our environment. We don't know—we just suspect a few things. Our pretense of cheating our neighbor in war is proof that we are animals. The makeup of our society is hideous.

Communication with other worlds has been improved. I think we had better stick to this world and find out something about it before we sell up our neighbors. They might make an awkward of ourselves. Not individualism but social labor will dominate the future. Industry will necessarily become more social and widespread. There will be no manual labor in the future of the future. The men in there will be merely superintendents watching the machinery to see that it works right. Less and less men will be used as an engine or as a horse, and his brain will be employed to benefit himself and his fellows.

Edison believes that we may discover the germ of getting all the power from fuel to-morrow. Regarding the possibility of using radium as a fuel, he believes it is only speculative.

Radium has great power. It has no appreciable heat or cold. It is not combustible. It gives off incandescent energy. We don't know how the energy was stored up. A cubic cent of radium would have as much energy as all the millions of tons of coal mined in the United States in a year. Radium is the source of the

earth's heat, according to the view of most scientists to-day. That explains why the earth, constantly radiating vast quantities of heat into space, doesn't cool down. The planet would be pretty chilly after all these millions of years if it had not radium in it. While only small quantities of radium have been isolated, it exists everywhere in water, rock and soil. It is universally distributed, and a little of it goes a long way. The possibility of harnessing the force for our use is somewhat of a speculation. A radium clock has been made, and it will go several hundred years without winding.

I have a spectroscope, which is a tiny bit of radium, of a size that will go through the eye of a needle, measured over a piece of millimeter. It has been shooting off millions of sparks for the six years that I have had it, and I expect it will be shooting sparks the same way for three kinds of years. There will be enough sparks given out by that fragment of radium to cover and illuminate the State of Rhode Island. Some say they travel at the speed of light, others 12,000 miles a second. This speed is the source of radium's power. Incandescent velocity makes up for lack of mass. Microscopic particles projected at high velocity are equal to heavy bodies going a slow gait. The vibration of a wax bullet being fired through a wooden plank applies to radium's emanations. Radium sends that spider web weaving over two pillars with the velocity of light would be capable of raising all the machinery in England; they would prove as strong as rubber and leather belting.

It is hardly feasible to carry around radium as a pocket stove or to keep it in the house for domestic use. Professor Curie had a tiny bit in his vest pocket that he was taking to London and it had the effect of making a letter-press sore in his side. Radium is loved along with uranium and thorium. Some day we might find immense deposits of it, and then it will be a problem how to handle it without dangerous consequences. A large quantity of the stuff would kill everybody around. A blow shot up with arsenic threatened millions since arsenic balls poured into him with the velocity of light would kill unaccountably.

Besides its mechanical possibilities radium is valuable in medicine. It is the treatment of the skin cancer and some other diseases. Cancer is a hard proposition, but when it breaks up against radium it meets its match. I guess it is a case of similar similes character.

The Economic Working of Our Mental Machinery

To Secure Effective Results From the Mind, it is Necessary to Study the Conditions of our Best Moments. Clear Away Hindrances and Provide Helps.

A most entertaining collection of memoranda bearing on mental hygiene appears in the *New York Post*, the compilation of Clyde Furst. While the illustrations employed are drawn in the main from the lives of literary men, their application to all classes of mental workers is quite apparent and the experiences of the writers are only used because of the greater ease of securing them.

Physical conditions, it is first pointed out, are the basis of all mental hygiene. Whatever may be the relation between mind and body, no one can doubt its intimacy. Many persons, like Wordsworth and Lowell, suffer physical prostration after mental exertion. Habits of confinement or exercise mean so much that we might almost know from their work that Balzac and Poe wrote in closed rooms; but that Wordsworth and Browning composed in the open air, Scott on horseback, Swinburne while swimming. Food and sleep also influence mental life tremendously. Whether we eat one simple meal a day with Kant, or many varied ones with Goethe, we must remember the laws of nutrition and Carlyle's warning that indigestion comprises all of the ills.

Mental life is also largely conditioned by our sensations. What did not Tennyson owe to his hearing, Keats to his taste and smell? Has anything ever affected human character more than the present eye-mindedness due to printing and artificial lighting? We have recently been shown the relation between thought and jerks of the eye in reading, and even between pessimism and eye-strain. The very posture of the body

is important in mental labor—many books are cramped from being bent over. Writers in bed have scientific endorsement for their approach to the horizontal.

The influence of climate on mental life is beyond control, except as we may choose our place of residence and vary our occupation according to season or weather. Days vary according to the ebb and flow of the vitality stored at week-ends—Monday days wasting energy that is most needed by Friday. Dilatation and contraction are the result to increase efficiency and well-being by employing one's best time appropriately; giving the cumulative value of unbroken hours of morning concentration, afternoon acquisition, and evening meditation. Those who cannot control the day, must use the night—French scientists even advocate a watch in the middle of the night. There are no rules of universal applicability, but study of the characteristics and circumstances of our best moments may make possible their easy and frequent duplication. That was Pasteur's recipe for successful living.

Much seclusion, it is pointed out, is essential for knowledge, some solitude for wisdom. Both independence and sympathy are attained through an inner circle of select companions. Mental health, moreover, demands some conscious agreement with one's income and some mastery of expenditure. Too much money is as bad as too little.

From physical foundation and social setting we approach personality: that something peculiarly our own which, in the words of Emerson, "it is both easier and wiser to cultivate and to accept than to alter"; that something within us which, in the words of Emerson, "accepts and disposes of impressions after a self-reverent law." We grow in wisdom as we grow in the knowledge of such inner laws. They are fundamental and heritable. They control mental life and are not to be controlled even through much self-discipline.

That, again, are our female or inspired features and desires? Does their value of the future help or hinder our realization of the present?

Does it inspire after the impossible, supporting promises or clarity, honesty or completeness, when they cease or should not be? Do we apprehend the infinite? "If anything eternal were yes," says Maxine Jordan, "I believe that it is not the thing which disturbs you, but your notion about it, which notion you may dismiss at once, if you please." "Disappointment," says Dr. Johnson, "you may easily compensate by selecting yourself some particular study, or opening some new avenue to information." If we cannot attain, like Lenin, to hiving our future, let us, like La Motte, retire to a Trappist monastery, and drink consciousness in study. Let us not expect idealism—Shomer and Huxley would work but three hours a day. Let us look, if necessary, to our contemporaries. Napoleon had satisfactions in spite of his astounding forty-second at military school. Darwin's inability to master languages and his loss of pleasure in poetry, painting, music, and natural history, were more than made up for. Let us hope for no 'simple, plausible, any solution of life that will free us from all responsibility'; but endeavor to apprehend and remove our personal religion, that sense of values according to which we spend our hours of life.

Mental action varies with individuals. Attention is a kind of reception uncontrolled by will. All we can do is to open our senses and clear away obstructions. Attention may be led, if not driven. Experience will teach us how to free the mind from haunting suggestions by fixing and holding their values; how to begin work steadily and slowly, and then accelerate. We may learn, through the slowness

of accumulation, that we retain only what we use, that a bad memory may be the best, because selective, that even leisure may be well employed.

Each mind has some way in which it works most easily and efficiently; let us discover this way and arrange for it. Wisely controlled change combines the benefits of continuity and variety. The scientist whose study requires muscular as well as mental activity tires less easily than the scholar besied wholly with books.

The chief enemies of mental efficiency, then, lie between Mother Anna's definitions of genius—"mainly an affair of energy" and "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Professor James, holding that the average man uses only a small part of his energy, would have us persist through fatigue and "mood swing," perhaps to a third and a fourth. Even if experiment, however, did not show that working beyond fatigue yields rapidly decreasing product at a rapidly increasing cost, it would be unwise to attempt to increase our flow of energy so long as we waste so much of what we have in inefficient and wasteful methods of work. Let us rather study the conditions of our best moments, clear away hindrances, and provide helps. Let us grasp the spontaneous activity of each state, using forecasts moments for concentration, less efficient periods for accumulation and selection looking to future re-orientation. Let us follow natural rhythms of activity, relaxing primary activities by secondary functions also used in themselves. This regularity and selection will develop speed, accumulation and economy and in response.

The Value of Rapid Deep Breathing

As a Mental Stimulant and a Preventative of Muscular Fatigue, This Exercise Exerts a Powerful and Beneficial Influence on the Human Body.

A simple and effective method of stimulating mental processes while increasing physical endurance, at the disposal of any one without apparatus and without expense, would seem to be worth attention. Such a method

is noted by D. F. Comstock, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in a letter to *Science* (New York, December 3). The writer modestly disclaims all pretense to originality; he simply calls attention, he says, to

important facts that have been generally neglected. He refers to the effects of enforced deep breathing, lasting for several minutes. Besides the results noted above, this produces ability to hold the breath for an unusually long period, and quickens the pulse. Writes Mr. Comstock:

It has been noticed by others that deep violent breathing for several minutes so changes the system as to make restful, unnecessary sleep as much as five minutes after this preparatory breathing is over. In my own case I have found that four minutes enforced breathing makes it possible to hold the breath for 15 minutes, whereas without this preparation it is seconds was my limit. The time during which it is possible to do without respiratory processes, of course, with the length of time during which the preparatory breathing is carried on. The latter does not act up as sedulently, but reaches a definite limit, beyond which further length of time given to preparatory breathing does not increase the time during which the breath may be held.

The preparatory breathing is better held after the "waking out" of the night must have been completed. The change produced in the system is certainly, therefore, more fundamental than a long change, and would appear to a layman to indicate a temporary change in blood constitution.

The effect as a mental stimulant is very pronounced. I have noticed in my own case that mental fatigue may be postponed, far beyond

the usual point, by two minutes of rapid deep breathing at half-hour intervals. A feeling of sluggishness, or drowsiness, may be almost completely dispelled. I have never noticed any vertigo as in the case of most students and altogether it seems to me very satisfactory.

The effect on muscular fatigue is also striking. A difficult swim exercise with heavy weights which I could not repeat under ordinary circumstances more than twenty times, I found after four minutes of this preparatory breathing that I could do twenty-seven times, i.e., about 35 per cent. more. This increase I found to exist at all stages of fatigue, as might be expected.

The pulse beat goes up very rapidly while the breathing is continued, in my own case from about 60 to 100 after four minutes' breathing. Another curious effect which perhaps is worth mentioning is the apparent rapid lapse of time during the latter half of a hard breathing period. This change in the time-sense is very noticeable.

I should not have ventured to describe phenomena which are so easily in the reach of every one, had I not found in people at large, and even among scientific men, a surprising ignorance as to their existence. I have seen some very amusing things as how long it was possible to hold the breath, and have seen the numbers let out low by not knowing of this possible measure of the adversary.

As a mental stimulant, and as a means to increase the time during which the system can do without respiration, violent breathing might find considerable utility application, and during periods from exposure one cannot enough to secure a knowledge of this possible threshold endurance without air of no little value.

is Theodore Roosevelt worth to these magazines?" and in the answer to this question we find the answer to the more abstract query, "What influence does he wield on the minds of the people of America?" For the number of his readers gauges fairly closely the power of a writer.

Briefly, and not trying to be too exact, Scribner's and The Outlook will double their earning power through having the name of Theodore Roosevelt connected with them. This result has not yet been attained, but the indications very plainly point to it, and not in the distant future.

The circulation of Scribner's will doubtless be doubled by the time the present magazine for new readers is completed. The Outlook gained \$2.25 per cent. subscribers before July 1—in four months after Mr. Roosevelt left the presidency. That rate has more than been maintained since, by the force of the general assessment by the press. The specific campaign for subscribers was not begun until November, and none of the results are recorded. During October and November 1898 new subscriptions came in—6,254 men and 5,428 women. (This number was made at the request of an advertiser who wanted to reach women and believed that the female on account of Mr. Roosevelt was mostly men.)

The advertising in The Outlook has increased about 60 per cent. over last year, and probably at least 30 per cent. is due to the Roosevelt connection.

Scribner's had the first Roosevelt article in its October number. One hundred thousand copies were printed. Within 24 hours telegrams for more copies began to come in. Another hundred thousand would have been sold. The November number provided for the increased demand. Subscriptions have literally poured in, though until last month there was no special effect made in that direction. The sales through the news companies have already more than tripled. The increase has been 25 fold in the southeast, 4 fold in the northeast, 25 fold in the south; an average of more than 2 fold. In the face of a sharp rise of rates, made effective in November, the number of pages advertising has increased as shown by this little list:

In Oct., 1898, 48; in 1897, 152—less 67.
In Nov., 1898, 94; in 1897, 170—less 76.
In Dec., 1898, 112; in 1897, 163—less 51.
In Jan., 1899, 65; in 1897, 157—less 61.

This is an average increase of 65 pages, or an average rate of increase of 75.95 per cent. These figures need no interpretation. They show where the Southrons are coming out. It is not that the Southrons paid all the expense of their Roosevelt campaign with the excess receipts of the first three months, October, November and December. I do not know if this is true, but am inclined to credit it.

It is to be remembered that the receipts for advertising and sales were augmented by the receipts from publishers abroad who purchased the reprinting rights from the Southrons. These rights were purchased in London by the Telegraph, and in Paris and Berlin by prominent houses, whose representatives hurried to London to meet Mr. Mix when he went over, so that he did not have to stir out of his hotel in order to place the letters.

It was reported that Mr. Roosevelt was to receive a salary of \$30,000 from the Outlook and that Scribner's was to pay him \$1 a word for his tales of African hunting.

Now \$30,000 is a pretty stiff salary for no editor. There are not many who get so much; none that I know of, except Mr. Arthur Brisbane, and he gets more; and he gets more for more he thinks of things that make the finest newspaper thought of, not far from what he writes, though that is worth more, per word, merely as writing, than anything Mr. Roosevelt has written, or is likely to write.

There are not many writers who can get \$1 a word for their MSS. and be secure in the knowledge that the editors will neither return them nor praise and change them. Most writers are glad to be paid \$1 a word, or 2 cents a word, and to be as the who can get 5 cents a word has no call to rest at this. It is hard to say just what rate the articles which Mr. Roosevelt sends to Scribner's and The Outlook would command if they came from an unknown writer.

It is practically impossible to disassociate the name from the work, and to appraise the writings of a man of Roosevelt's caliber by the usual cold literary standards. The known exposure of the public to know what the expenditure is doing and just what he has to say for his self would strongly provide the most exciting editor in favor of his contributions, even if he were a commonplace and uninteresting writer. However, it is principally because Theodore Roosevelt writes that one knows that they are rewarded at so high a figure, and they are proving to be the shrewdest and best investment magazine managers have ever made, despite the derision and skepticism of the other managers and the men in the advertising business.

From back when Mr. Roosevelt was police commissioner of New York his personality has been one of the elements in the public life of the United States about which there has been no chance to argue. Now it is the most potent sort in our public life. There is no other person who has anything like the hold upon all the people. There is no group of public men whose influence is at all comparable to his. There is no group of men who can influence people in comparison with him.

He is not in the country. He is not in office. He has no "members." There is an organization of his kind in his interest. He has no people who he has no position. He has no "office." He is not in the country. He is not in office. He has no newspaper spokesman. He has no particular personal representative. Nobody in

Impress of Personality on a Magazine's Fortunes

How Theodore Roosevelt's Connection With Two American Magazines has Expanded Their Circulation and Increased Their Effectiveness as Advertising Media.

While it is generally true that personality no longer dominates journalism as much as it used to do, still the personal element breaks forth here and there with astonishing results even to-day—a *Stead* breathes life into a *Review of Reviews*, an *O'Connor* gives a personal touch to an *M.A.F.*, and a *Robertson Nicholl* preaches to thousands in a *British Weekly*. On

our own side of the Atlantic, two periodical publications are at present being dominated by the spirit of that remarkable individual, Theodore Roosevelt. Just what the influence of Roosevelt has been on the fortunes of Scribner's Magazine and the Outlook, is made the basis of an inquiry by George French in *Advertising and Selling*. He asks the question, "What

either becoming or anything him. So far as we are concerned, there is nothing whatever being done to keep him below the people. But he is the most vocal and the most influential personality in America. The people would follow him further and more willingly than they would follow anybody else, and more willingly than they would follow any party. Think what the result would be if he were to return to America and

put himself at the head of a movement for real social reform!

It is his personality that these magazines have edited to promote their interests. I must admit that it is an advertising move. I do not think the magazines will object to that deduction. What then is Theodore Roosevelt worth to these magazines? What have they gained? What are they likely to gain?

A Bogus Peer and His Distinguished Dupes

The Astonishing Story of an Impostor Who Successfully Duped Leading American and Canadian Financiers, Part of Whose Story Was Enacted in Canada.

W. A. Croftat has resurrected in Putnam's Magazine the story of "Lord Gordon-Gordon," the bogus peer, who duped several of America's most famous business men early in the seventies. The story is a new one to the greater part of the present generation, and, as it was enacted partially in Canada, it is not out of place to outline it here.

Lord Gordon-Gordon first set up his pretensions to nobility and wealth in the City of Minneapolis in 1871. In two days, his suavity of manner had won the entire confidence of Colonel John S. Loomis, Lord Commissioner of the Northern Pacific Railroad. He represented himself to be possessed of an income of a million dollars a year and his visit to the west was for the purpose of securing areas of land on which to colonize his overcrowded Scotch tenantry. For three months, the audacious charlatan traveled around the state, inspected town-sites and taking part in buffalo hunts, at the expense of the Northern Pacific. Colonel Loomis spent \$45,000 on him that summer and beamingly said to the directors: "He is the richest landlord in Europe. He will invest \$5,000,000 with us." His Lordship selected sites for his colony and

then announced that he would go to New York to secure the money to pay for his purchases. When he left, he bore with him a letter of warm introduction from Colonel Loomis to Horace Greeley.

It was early in the year 1872—the popular moment to visit New York. The Erie was in a fever and a bottle of magnificence proportions was on. The Erie road was the center of the conflict. Jay Gould had just fallen outside the boardroom, to his great astonishment and the bewilderment of his friends, and General Dix and McKim were severely introduced within; while Daniel Drew and Col. Thomas A. Scott were busy kidnapping their wounds. The war in finance was more than \$20,000,000.

Greeley was at once taken in and was soon on most intimate terms with Gordon-Gordon. The latter intimated that he held 60,000 shares of Erie and with this and the holdings of his English friends, he intended to control the next election for directors. The news spread among the financial magnates of the day. To Thomas A. Scott, vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad System, and to Col. A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia Times, Gordon-Gordon outlined his plans for the re-organization of the road. Then Jay Gould came into the comedy. After a preliminary conference with the bogus peer,

an agreement was consummated. Gordon represented to Gould that in making his investigations, getting bills passed and bringing litigations to an end, he had been at very large expense; that his bills had been paid by him personally and that he considered these expenses a legitimate charge against the new organization. Gordon claimed that his expenses had been over a million dollars.

"In view of the fact," explained Mr. Gould later, "that he had made these advances personally, and that the entire cost of the new plan would depend very much on my good faith and his co-operation, I agreed to deposit with him securities and money to the extent of about one-half of his expenses, or about \$200,000. This pledge was not to be used by him, but was to be returned to me on my carrying out my part of the agreement. In accordance therewith I deposited with Gordon money and securities as follows:

- "500 shares of the National Stock Yard Company.
- "500 shares of the Erie and Atlantic Sleeping Coach Company.
- "200 shares of the Elmore Haffing Mill.
- "100 shares of the Brooks Locomotive Works.
- "20 bonds of \$1,000 each of Nyack and North-ern R.R. Company.
- "500 shares of the Jefferson Car Company.
- "500 shares of Oil Creek and Allegheny Railway R.R. Company.
- "500 shares of the Erie R.R. Company.
- "Cash, \$100,000.

"When I gave him these securities I put a memorandum against each of them of their value. Gordon afterwards wrote me that there was an error in the footing, he thought; and though there was an error, yet, not wishing to raise any question, and supposing that the money was safe in his hands, I took \$50,000 more and deposited with him, making, in all, the securities mentioned and \$250,000 cash."

Marvellous as it may appear, it is absolutely true that at this date this consummate knave was not only possessed of the entire confidence of Jay Gould, the admiration and respect of Thomas A. Scott and Alexander McClure and the trust and affection of Horace Greeley, but he had more than half a million of Gould's securities and greenbacks in his handbag and Gould's voluntary resignation as director and president of the Erie Railway Company in his vest pocket! Gould admitted to his associates that he had given his resignation to Gor-

don simply to induce his co-directors to do the same thing, and in the interest of harmony!

More than this: he had not only obtained without the pretence of an equivalent this vast sum, but he had exhibited such airs of superiority as to bring the marvelous millionaire to his knees and cause him to assume an apologetic tone and attitude when asked to give some slight guaranty of his honesty and good faith! This most extraordinary thief had so impressed his new friend with his own fidelity that when he superciliously refused to furnish any voucher for his truthfulness, Gould instantly yielded and handed over half a million dollars on "his lordship's word of honor"! And only a week had passed since he first set eyes on his lordship!

But matters were now approaching a crisis. Gordon-Gordon began to sell the stock which he held. Six hundred shares of Erie went without attracting attention, but the sale of 5,000 shares of Oil Creek and Allegheny produced a depression in the market and Gould became suspicious. Greeley was requested to interview him and ask for the return of the securities. All were handed back except 4,722 shares of Oil Creek, the shares of Erie, which had been sold, and a few others. Proceedings were instituted and his lordship was arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. To the astonishment of Jay Gould, two eminent financiers, A. F. Roberts and Horace F. Clark, a son-in-law of Commodore Vanderbilt, went bail for \$50,000 for his appearance in court.

The bogus noble put up a great fight when the case came on for trial. He assumed an air of injured innocence and was quite frank in giving the names and addresses of his Scotch relatives. The court favored him. After adjournment Gould cabled to England and secured a repudiation of all Gordon's claims from the parties whom he had mentioned. Armed with these he attended the hearing on the next day, but in the meantime Lord

Gordon-Gordon had skipped out to Montreal. From there he traveled to Fort Garry.

When the facts became known in Minneapolis, a party was organized to capture the pseudo lord. They went to Fort Garry, caught their man and were on their way home, when a pursuing party overtook them, rescued Lord Gordon-Gordon and took his captives prisoners. Great excitement prevailed and for a time the affair took on an ugly complexion, threatening to become an "international conflict." However, wiser counsels won the day, representations were made to the Canadian Government and the kidnappers were released.

The "international conflict" was at an end, but Jay Gould's offer of \$50,000 for Lord Gordon-Gordon still held good, and New York City was not without adventurous speculators who were willing to pocket it. It shortly became known that the Hon. Lord Gordon-Gordon, cousin of the Campbell, and descendant of the bold Lechiar and the Highland kings, had concealed himself in a cottage near Toronto. His present agents gave chase, but were told to abstain from satisfaction. Extradition papers were quietly obtained from Washington, two vigorous officials were employed, and the most wanted scoundrel was found, not boldly escaping to capture on the front porch, but ignominiously asleep in the recesses of his chamber.

"Ah, you do you want me?" he asked, being tossed lightly upon the shoulder. He found that he was at the mercy of two officers stationed on each side of the bed and for a moment he imagined that one of them was Henry Buckle's violent kick of pelvis. He playfully requested permission to sleep a little longer as it was not yet noon, but was informed that the

captivity would not permit it. The "gentleman's tiger" who had accompanied his lordship's splendid retinue over the prairie of Minnesota was not at hand and the dainty retinue was compelled to get out of bed without assistance and to complete his toilet by his own unaided exertions. Lord Gordon-Gordon took his arrest with the most composure which had always been his distinguishing characteristic. He was rendered at discretion. He was permitted to consult a lawyer, and was given five minutes for the conference.

"Oh me," he said, "if these papers are sufficient to compel me to go with these men and appear in a Toronto court."

"Very well, I will go," and the prisoner smiled a peculiar smile. "Good, isn't it? Then I must wrap up." At this moment his valet returned, not the comports "gentleman's tiger" of the northwestern prairie, but another who, though much humbler, showed himself capable of great accomplishment and ability. He followed his master into the bedroom where they loaded their trunks with getting the clothing requisite for the journey to Toronto, perhaps New York.

"What have I done that I should be seized like a felon?" he asked as he was led into the bed room.

"Are you ready?" asked one of the detectives.

"As you command, gentlemen," said the soft, indolent voice from the inner room. "Here, Grant, help me with these boots."

There was a long silence. Then came the crash of a revolver in the little apartment and the Right Honourable Lord Gordon-Gordon fell dead across the threshold, carrying all the mysteries of his strange life with him.

Thus ended the career of a man who, while posing as a scoundrel on two continents, had successfully imposed on the shrewdest merchants and ablest men of affairs of the day. He proved to be the legitimate child of a clergyman's son and his mother was the perfect model in the family. From which of his ancestors he inherited his indolence and his vice was only be conjectured.

taking only the most difficult and advanced mathematical work taught at Harvard, work intended for seniors and graduates who have specialized for years in the science of numbers. He knows Greek and Latin so thoroughly that he can write original verses in each language.

But, most wonderful of all, he can think in the fourth dimension. Most people have never heard that there might be a fourth dimension, and only a very few of the most brilliant scientists who have ever lived have been able to think in it. Most people are content to believe that objects have but three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness. But try to imagine another dimension that they might have—the hypothetical fourth dimension, a hypothesis of such the texture that the mortality of but few can discern it. First, if you invent theories and problems involving this dimension, work them out to accurate conclusions and explain them fully in mathematics, so that you convert them completely to your way of thinking, and you will have done once what William J. Sidis, eleven years of age, does daily.

In appearance and many of his tastes this precocious boy is a normal youngster. His cheeks are a healthy pink, his grey eyes are clear and bright and his frequent squinting is a racial characteristic—for his parents are Russian Jews—not a sign of poor eyesight.

Though slender, he is, physicians declare, in perfectly sound physical condition. He is small even for his age, but both parents are short. His muscles are developed no more than those of any other eleven-year-old boy, but they are firm. When he speaks it is without a trace of nervousness or self-consciousness and in the rather high, sweet voice of a child.

His head, its brown hair trimmed in childish bangs, is not larger than the average. His knickerbockered legs are as active as those of any other boy, and they carry him with remarkable friskiness across the yard at Harvard, and two steps at a time up into Seaver Hall.

His parents, who are both doctors, are exceptionally gifted. His father believes that the boy's marvellous precocity is the result of a training, in

which a practical application has been made of certain little known psychological laws. Most important among these is the so-called "law of reserve energy."

According to this law, every human being possesses a great reserve of latent energy, upon which he does not actually draw, but upon which he does draw in times of stress or other exceptional moments, with sufficient frequency to make its presence certain.

In explaining this Professor James said:—"Every man knows that it is to start a piece of work, either intellectual or manual, feeling stale or cold. And every one knows that it is to 'warm up' to the job. The process of warming up is particularly striking in what is known as the 'second wind'."

If an unusual exertion forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gradually wears up to a certain point, when gradually, or suddenly it passes away and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, tapped only then by the fatigue created by our exertion. There may be later other layers of this experience.

"It is evident that our organism has stored up reserves of energy that are ordinarily not called upon, but that may be called upon and which repair themselves by rest as well as do the superficial stores."

It is the belief of Dr. Sidis that the reason people do not more frequently make use of their "hidden energy" is because they have not been trained to do so, and that such training, to be most effective, should begin in early childhood. This will not, he is sure, result in any "tomorrow person" on the child. On the contrary, he is convinced that the modern practice of letting the child's mind remain idle for the first few years of his life is utterly and indubitably wrong. For he can keep a child, from thinking and using his mind. Dr. Sidis says, but unless he is taught how to think correctly he is certain to form bad thought habits, which the training of later years may never completely overcome.

Before he was two years old the infant could talk, read and spell. When he was three years old he could use a typewriter. When he was five, he was an expert accountant, had begun to study French and Latin, and was proficient in anatomy. At five he began to study arithmetic, but oddly enough he was for some time quite backward in this study. He entered Brookline High School when eight years old. Three years ago he applied to Harvard for admission, but was refused because of his youth.

The Most Wonderful Boy in the World

An Eleven-Year-Old Prodigy Astonishes the Sages of Harvard by His Learning and is Pronounced to be the Greatest Mental Marvel Ever Born.

William James Sidis, acknowledged to be the greatest boy wonder in the world, is the subject of a sketch in the New York Herald, in the course of which the writer describes the methods

employed by the boy's father to develop his talents. He entered Harvard last fall at the age of eleven as a special student, who having completed all the ordinary higher mathematics, is

Lord Strathcona and Louis Riel

Some Sidelights on the Interesting Chapter in Canadian History, Showing the Way in Which Canada's Grand Old Man Handled the Turbulent Riel.

By NORMAN MURRAY

From Chambers's Journal

The year 1837 was a year to be remembered by all loyal Britons both in Canada and Great Britain, for that was the year in which the late lamented and beloved Queen Victoria ascended the throne and the so-called Canadian Rebellion took place. It is a very rare thing in Canada now to come across any one who remembers that little turmoil or has seen any one who took part in it. I introduce this incident here merely to illustrate the long years that our Grand Old Man, Lord Strathcona, has been in the public service: for he came to Canada in 1838, the year after the ascension of Queen Victoria and the Canadian Rebellion already referred to, being then eighteen years of age. My prime object in connecting these two well-known names, Strathcona and Louis Riel, is to illustrate two types of character. A very good definition of a civilized man and a barbarian is that the one has his passions under the control of reason, while the latter has strong passions and a weak reason, and even a good education will not civilize the savage mind. I very much doubt if Donald A. Smith could have gained as many marks in an examination in the classics when he left school at Elgin, in the Highlands of Scotland, as Louis Riel could have got when he left the Montreal Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice. To Louis Riel, however, a classical education meant the pride

that comes before a fall, while the education of Donald A. Smith helped to develop a keen intellect.

The nearest parallel I can find to the manner in which Donald A. Smith handled the turbulent Riel on his first effort at rebellion in the winter of 1869 is the manner in which another Scotsman, of immortal fame, David Livingstone, often succeeded in handling the savages of South Africa without shedding a drop of blood. When the Hudson's Bay Territory was transferred from the company to the Dominion of Canada in 1869, there was more or less disappointment among the subordinate officials of the company, and this helped to lead the misguided Louis Riel to the rash conclusion that there was now an opportunity for him to become a second Napoleon. Donald A. Smith had been thirty-one years in the service of the company in Canada, and had risen from the position of clerk on a wild Labrador station to be head officer of the company in Canada. Being always a man of broad ideas, he surveyed the situation from all points of view—the interests of the company, its servants, the misguided half-breeds, the Dominion of Canada, and the Mother Country. The misguided Riel could only look upon the situation from one point of view—his own dream of becoming president of a republic composed mostly of half-breeds in the Northwest.

The whole population of this vast region, nearly as large as European Russia, was only about twelve thousand souls at the time we are writing about, a little more than half of which were French half-breeds, or Metis, as they were called, who were the only class at all likely to accept Louis Riel as their leader. Mr. Macdougall who had been Minister of Public Works of the Canadian Government when the transfer of the North-West from the Hudson's Bay Company to the Canadian Government was made, was sent out as its first governor. The half-breeds, with Riel at their head, blocked the road and made a hostile demonstration; and under the circumstances the unfortunate Macdougall had no alternative but to turn back. Riel's policy had been to prevent any communications between the Canadian Government and the people. He did not wish them to hear anything but what he chose to tell them, and this is where our Grand Old Man's skill in tactics, determination, and diplomacy came into play. In the meantime Riel with about one hundred men took possession of the old Hudson's Bay post Fort Garry, in spite of the protests of Mr. Cowan, the officer in charge. Riel was bent on proclaiming himself dictator of the newly formed province of Rupert's Land, and accordingly issued a proclamation to the people. Sixty of those who were not favourable to Riel's ambitions were arrested by his orders. A new flag was made with a representation of the Shamrock and Fleur-de-lis (the old French Royalist flag). The Union-jack was conspicuous by its absence from this new flag. And we know now what happened to that flag.

In the meantime Donald A. Smith surveyed the whole situation from Montreal, two thousand miles away. It was now the middle of a Canadian winter, with no means of communication for the longest part of the

distance but dog-sleds. Another clear-headed Highlander, John A. Macdonald, was now Premier of Canada, and between them it was arranged that Mr. Smith should undertake the difficult mission of explaining the intentions of the Canadian Government to the people. He was appointed a special commissioner to inquire into and report upon the causes and extent of the disaffection of Red River, to act as mediator amongst the inhabitants, and also to report on the best mode of dealing with the Indian tribes in the country—surely a large contract. This was, indeed, a wide-sweeping commission, and the responsibilities under it were truly immense. Mr. Donald A. Smith, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hardisty, proceeded on his difficult mission from Ottawa on the 13th of December, and reached Pembina, a few miles outside of the settlement, on Christmas Day. There he left his most important documents in safe keeping until he could investigate matters at closer range. To the astonishment of the settlers who met him, as well as of the sentinels appointed by Riel, he drove in his dog-sleigh right up to the old fort, the gates of which were open, and requested to be shown into Governor Macdougall's house. Governor Macdougall, who was the Hudson's Bay Company's representative, was now a prisoner of Louis Riel. 'Comment appelle-tu?' inquired a surly sentinel in French, garnishing his inquiry with an oath. 'Je me nomme Donald A. Smith, et je viens de Montreal.' This was possibly not the first time that the grim Metis heard the name. The sentinel responded that he would inform 'President Riel.' The title president surprised the new-comer. After a few moments Louis Riel appeared. He said he had heard of Mr. Smith's arrival at Pembina, and was about to send off a party to effect his capture. 'I then,'

relates Mr. Smith, 'accompanied him to a room occupied by about a dozen men whom he introduced to me as members of the "Provisional Government." I was then asked to take an oath not to attempt to leave the fort that night nor to upset their Government legally established. This request I peremptorily refused to comply with.' As a consequence Mr. Smith found himself a prisoner for the next two months. On the 13th January, as Mr. Smith relates, he was awakened at three o'clock in the morning. Springing up in bed, he saw Riel, surrounded by a guard, at his bedside. The dictator demanded of his prisoner a written order for the delivery of his commission and official papers, which had been sent for. But Mr. Smith was not to be terrified by vague threats, and emphatically refused to give any such order. The well-affected French party, becoming aware of what had happened, and beginning to have doubts concerning Riel's good faith, resolved to prevent the papers from falling into his hands. Bloodshed at one time seemed certain; but things calmed down, and finally, after a good deal of re-creation, it was arranged that a meeting of the inhabitants from all parts of the settlement should be called for the 19th, at which the papers bearing on the subject should be read, a guard of forty men remaining in the house to ensure the safe keeping of the documents.

Probably never before in history has a regularly ordained meeting been held in British territory under such conditions. This was the meeting that Donald Alexander Smith had come two thousand miles to hold with the people of Rupert's Land. 'The part I had to act was that of a mediator. Not only would one rash or unguarded word have increased the difficulty, but even the pointing of a finger might have on more than one occasion been suffi-

cient to put the whole country into a flame.' Thus he wrote afterwards in referring to this extraordinary affair. In the open air, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, in the teeth of a biting blast, this meeting was conducted with a respect for decorum and ancient parliamentary methods worthy of Westminster itself. Louis Riel, the so-called president of the Provisional Government, took a prominent part; and in due time Mr. Smith rose, holding a packet of papers in his right hand. He began by reading the Secretary of State's official letter to him. We can only give short extracts from the address delivered by Mr. Smith on this remarkable occasion. 'Although,' he said, 'I am personally a stranger to you, I am as much interested in the development of this country as others I could name. On both sides I have a number of relations in this land—(cheers)—not merely Scotch cousins but blood-relations. Besides that, my wife is a native of Rupert's Land. (Cheers.) Hence, though I myself am a Scotsman, you will not be surprised that I should feel a deep interest in this great country and its people. (Cheers.) I am here to-day in the interests of Canada, but only as far as they are in accordance with the interests of this country. As to the Hudson's Bay Company, my connection with that body is, I suppose, generally known; but I will say that if it could do any possible good to this country I would at this moment resign my position in that company. I sincerely hope that my humble efforts may in some measure contribute to bring about peaceably union and entire concord among all classes of the people of this land.' Mr. Smith then read the documents, the contents of which Riel had so strenuously tried to keep from the people. In one of the documents reference was made to the fact that all complaints that any one had to

make should be made to Her Majesty's representatives, and that the Imperial Government had no intention of acting otherwise or permitting others to act otherwise than in perfect good faith towards the inhabitants of the Red River District of the North-West. A great sensation was made when Mr. Smith asked that additional letters sent by the Canadian Government through other parties be produced and read to the meeting. These documents had previously been seized by Riel and destroyed, but fortunately Mr. Smith had copies of them, the reading of which made a profound sensation. The dictator was being undermined most effectively.

Next summer a military expedition under Sir Garnet Wolseley was organized; but when the red-coats reached Fort Garry the bird had flown in the night. Mr. Smith had countered the would-be dictator, and he could not rally sympathisers enough to make even a show of resistance.

How this same Riel started another rebellion fifteen years after-

wards, and how other methods were adopted, resulting in considerable bloodshed; how he was finally hanged, and how the hanging was made afterwards, a political issue, are now matters of history; but, as Kipling would say, 'that is another story.' Sir Donald Alexander Smith is now Lord Strathcona. He belongs to no particular party, but to the whole State. His first appointment as Canadian High Commissioner in London was made by a Conservative Government, and he was urged by the Liberal Government which succeeded, with the greatest French Canadian, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, at its head, to continue in office, and there was no dissenting voice. Among his monuments here in Canada we may mention the Royal Victoria Hospital and the Royal Victoria College (in connection with which the name of Lord Mountstephen must not be omitted). A great deal more might be said; but as the space at my disposal is limited, I can only refer the reader for further particulars to Wilson's Life of Strathcona.

What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious.—Ben Jonson.



System and Business Management

Inquiry Cost as a Misleading Advertising Factor

The Unfairness of Figuring the Value of Advertising on the Basis of the Number of Enquiries it Draws Out. With Concrete Examples to Prove It.

A SYMPOSIUM OF OPINIONS

From Printer's Ink

NOT many years ago the Singer Sewing Machine Company, after years of advertising along general publicity lines which neither asked nor got any responses, started a contest to locate the oldest Singer machine still in use.

Nothing more interesting in "results" ever happened to an advertiser. All over this broad land, and from many other lands, came responses. If advertising ever got a sealed and certified approval, it got it then. It must have made a telling impression on the Singer people, who have appeared to regard advertising as a rather unimportant auxiliary to their quite wonderful agency organization.

That Singer incident held the germ of an advertising truth which has not grown articulate until recently. The Singer distribution was so nearly perfect that the effect of general publicity was quite submerged below visibility.

Mrs. Thimble, on reading a Singer advertisement, cared not a bit to write to headquarters. Why should she, when an agent was almost around the corner, willing to break his neck getting to her, if she but made a sign?

And yet Singer headquarters, because so few people gave any evidence, by inquiry, that they read the advertising, felt skeptical about its value!

In the same way exactly, some manufacturers to-day look upon individual mediums as prohibitive, and perhaps upon all magazine advertising as too costly, when the thing they are judging it by—requests for a booklet, invited by about four lines nonpareil in an ad.—is a small part of the real business of general advertising to any concern with general distribution.

Many advertisers, figuring inquiry

costs (upon which they frequently base their entire judgment of mediums) simply divide the net cost of the ad. by the number of keyed inquiries received. They do this whether the booklet or sample offer was allowed six words in small type or six inches of display—without reference to the certainty that the difference between the two is considerable. One magazine may carry an ad, with the six-word invitation, and another magazine may contain a more prominent invitation to reply—but both are judged by the same rule of thumb.

Now, if such advertisers were advertising solely to get inquiries—which, of course, they admit they are not—advertising would be as prohibitive, judged on inquiry cost in such a way, as a thirty-foot penitentiary wall. Articles retailing at \$2 or less are every day being advertised in mediums considered "fair pullers" at a cost per inquiry of from \$5 to \$8 and as high at \$12 and \$15.

Obviously, when you put it this way, general advertisers will concede that they look to their advertising, not to get mail inquiries, but to send people to their dealers. The advertiser's success or failure in accomplishing this result is the only true test. The invitation for booklets, samples or mail orders where no dealers carry the goods is an altogether separate and secondary department of the advertiser's function. It is simply a means of getting in touch with the residue of people reached by advertising—that part merely which the dealer-distribution does not cover; or of cementing the interest of the customer still stronger. If the general advertiser's customers were bounded by the people whom he could get to write to him, sudden and mournful would be his funeral!

Advertisers going into the magazines are often greatly scared, either before or after they have taken the leap at the cost of inquiries. Landers, Frary & Clark some time ago advertised, covering their story quite com-

pletely in their advertising, which offered a booklet. The small results almost scared them, yet they found that people, after all, were being induced in large numbers to go to dealers to get the goods.

The Pompeian Massage Cream people got results direct by mail quite cheaply for the first year they advertised, and from these results established agents. The second year cost was higher. People were going to agents instead of buying direct; and each succeeding year, as distribution has grown more complete, inquiry cost has become higher and higher, for perfectly natural and logical reasons. Yet if an advertiser who is inclined to place great stress upon direct results should be told the cost per inquiry he might reply that Pompeian Massage Cream advertising is extravagant general publicity. It is no such thing—it is the very motive power of the business and always has been, and the rising inquiry cost is not an alarm signal, but on the contrary, a mechanical gauge indicating the successful operation of the powerful silent forces of advertising.

Some years ago, in spring, the Knox hat folk (another superb instance of a purely publicity advertiser who has not considered advertising an indispensable creative sales force) put an ad. in the *Ladies' Home Journal* offering a catalogue of women's Knox hats. The requests for catalogues ate up Knox's supply of 5,000 in a jiffy, and thousands of women are still waiting for a copy. That was a fine proof of the fact that advertising works instantly when people have to write to get something they are convinced they want. A Knox woman's hat was new and welcome, but to buy they had to send for a catalogue. If the ad. had said "for sale in all stores," and distribution had been thoroughly arranged beforehand, the effect of the advertising would have been apparent at the stores.

An interesting evidence of the tendency to look at inquiry cost a little

differently is the fact that the General Electric Company has just adopted a new plan of figuring inquiry cost, in addition to the old method. It has two sets of inquiry costs, one "gross" and the other "net." The "gross" figure is secured in the usual way, while the "net" cost is obtained by figuring the cost of the actual space used to invite inquiries. This gives an additional hint as to the operation of the advertising and the value of the mediums. Says F. R. Davis, assistant advertising manager, concerning this plan, "the justice of this new idea is obvious—it makes the inquiries bear a proper ratio to the total expenditure, instead of making advertising apparently prohibitive by charging the entire ad. against the inquiries. I consider it a step forward in analyzing results."

Converse D. Marsh, of the Bates Advertising Company, which handles the General Electric account, is the originator of this idea and is thoroughly convinced that inquiry cost needs to be looked at in a different light than ordinarily. "The first purpose of a national advertiser with national distribution is to send people to the store for the goods," he says, "and the second purpose is to induce retailers and jobbers to stock the goods. The common custom has been, nevertheless, to charge the total cost of the advertising to the inquiries received. As a result, many advertisers are fooled by this method of calculation, and some publishers have had less advertising than they deserved. Advertisers have been deterred from spending their money on seeing what inquiry cost, as commonly figured, amounts to."

"A little more imagination—which is so much needed in business of every kind—and a little less habit, would cause some new facts to be unearthed about the advertising expenditure of many concerns. How it is possible for advertisers to charge as cost per inquiry the total amount of space used in selling goods to the public, when

that space is very considerably devoted to quite another purpose than getting inquiries? It may be argued that talking for retail sales is also talking for booklet inquiries, but there's a distinction. You can't talk for two results at once without confusion. Either you are trying to get people to go to dealers or you are trying to get inquiries, and the amount of attention you give in the ad to getting inquiries is all that you can justly charge to inquiry cost. Large space may increase inquiry results, but mail-order advertisers get strong results from small ads."

"One of the strongest reasons for abandoning the present widely practiced method is that, excepting those advertisers who key the month as well as the publication, a great many advertisers have their returns quite mixed up, and cannot possibly get an accurate estimate of an individual piece of copy. Experience in several accounts has shown that returns from, say, September advertising is within ten per cent. as strong in October as in September. Advertising in the weeklies pulls two and three weeks afterwards. Unless the month is keyed, September results are frequently counted in with October results and inquiry cost. This is obviously misleading, particularly as to the value of a piece of copy."

Herbert M. Post, advertising manager of the Western Electric Company, says, "I have come to believe that inquiry cost doesn't amount to a hurrah in estimating the value of mediums. I have given a considerable amount of study to this subject, and I must say I haven't found any system of measuring values in which I have any confidence whatsoever. I have at least one medium on my list from which an inquiry has cost \$450. If I was inclined to hang my faith on inquiry cost I would be scared stiff, but I have good evidence of another kind that the publications whose inquiry cost looks prohibitive are doing good work. Advertisers who are scared at

inquiry cost should ask their sales organization what help advertising is giving them. Our salesmen say Western Electric advertising saves half their time in eliminating introduction and securing standing. Now, a sales organization is a mighty expensive thing, and if advertising can save half its time, the advertising is doing some mighty corking work, and it is useless for me to worry about inquiry cost."

O. C. Harn, advertising manager of the National Lead Company, does not abandon inquiry cost as a help toward judging mediums, "but," he says, "I am far from making mail replies the sole test of advertising. The subject of inquiries and results is a most live one, and needs constant analysis. It doesn't matter to me whether inquiries cost \$2 or \$5; my appreciation of a magazine does not fluctuate if I am satisfied with other things. I use inquiry cost to some extent in judging mediums, but I do not judge a magazine out of its class. If a magazine's inquiry cost is somewhere in sight of inquiry cost in magazines of the same class, I do not bother, but if it is much higher than other magazines of the same class, I feel something's wrong in circulation."

"I made some investigations not long ago of inquiries per dollar of cost, and then also per 1,000 of circulation, and the latter method quickly brought some magazines which had been tail enders in inquiry cost as usually figured, up toward the middle."

Mr. Janvier, who has handled the accounts of Pears' Soaps, Beecham's Pills and Sheffield's Dentifrice, had some interesting things to say. "Eighteen years ago," he said, "I ran the advertising of Beecham's Pills with a line at the bottom suggesting sending for literature. At first the direct returns were large. Gradually, as the article became widely distributed, these direct returns fell off, but the business kept on increasing. The idea of judging advertising by the cost per reply is all right for some things and at some times. But to use this test

indiscriminately for measuring the value of your advertising is wrong."

The Gillette Sales Company, handling the Gillette Safety razor, had an interesting experience in point. They advertised in many periodicals with the offer of a free booklet. The printing order for the booklets had been very large. But very few of these booklets were asked for, yet it was certain that that very advertising had sold many of the razors. The only conclusion they could draw was that people are not supremely anxious to ask for advertised literature—that is, people who are the kind that actually buy. This testimony is significant in the face of the growth of the Gillette sales the past year—fifty per cent.

George H. Hazen, of the *Century Magazine* and the *Woman's Home Companion*, said: "Twenty-five years ago I went from New York to Chicago in thirty-six hours; I can get there now in eighteen. Judgment in advertising values has also improved. The cost per inquiry is the wrong basis altogether. Let me illustrate. The General Electric Company uses, say, space in the *Century*, the *Woman's Home Companion*, and *Form & Fireside* for their Tungsten lamp. The *Form & Fireside* might produce three inquiries to the *Century's* one or to the *Woman's Home Companion's* two. Would you, therefore, judge the value of space in the *Century* as being worth one-third that of the *Form & Fireside*? People write for advertised booklets from all sorts of motives; often out of mere curiosity and with no intention of buying whatsoever. Are you going to level the *Century* and the *Form & Fireside* with the cost per inquiry standard? Absurd. The cost per inquiry is a false gauge of advertising value. This seems perfectly elementary to me."

"The General Electric Company is on the right track. What they want to do is to forget about any cost for inquiries and to select an advertising expert who knows the value of the mediums. If you take the cost per

inquiry as a basis, then you have got to relinquish partly or altogether the matter of quality. Readers of the *Century*, of *Scribner's*, of *Harper's*, etc., are presumably cultured. They are people who have money to buy and the inclination to buy. They don't spend their time asking for booklets. If they are impressed with the advertising of an article they consult their dealer. A thousand of this class might succumb to the advertiser, and buy the article through the dealer, and yet the manufacturer might never know they existed as far as any inquiry was concerned.

Mr. Rodgers, advertising manager of *Harper's Magazine*, was another who took a fall out of the cost per inquiry habit. "Most certainly you cannot rightly judge advertising by the cost of the direct inquiries. Suppose I lived in Dayton, Ohio, and saw

the advertisement of the Tungsten burner. Suppose again I wanted it. Do you think I would write to the General Electric Company? The chances are 75,000,000 to one I would not. I would do the sensible thing and telephone the local light company, or go to a local dealer in electric light fixtures. To write a letter to the General Electric Company would be as antiquated a way of doing business as that of using a quill pen for a typewriter. I believe that the high-grade magazines have very few curiosity hunters, the class that contributes so much to the manufacturer's mail. This public of culture does business in a modern way. They doubtless are accurately sensible to good advertising of a desirable staple, but they demonstrate the motive power of the copy by going to their dealer and not to the post office."

Forcing the Buyer's Attention

Many Successful Schemes Adopted by Salesmen to Attract the Attention of Buyers, Which Have Resulted in Making Sales in Apparently Hopeless Cases.

By DONALD L. KINNEY

Reproduced from System

Turn your eyes from this page to the smoke-painted horizon, and one building, reaching skyward, grips your attention. Drop your gaze to the placarded billboard on the street below, and one poster signals its message. Recall your morning's mail, and the first paragraph of the letter that sold you the office chair still tingles your senses. Similarly, the clever salesman tops his fellows. With a word, a gesture, a suggestion, he forces the buyer's attention on his proposition and rounds the first lap toward a sale.

The buyer is always on the defensive. With indifference, excuses and anger, he guards his cash drawer from attack. This is especially true of the small retailer who is canvassed daily by a score of solicitors. Working behind the counter with his clerks, he reluctantly gives the salesman an opportunity to even open his selling talk. The keen salesman, however, jolts his indifference, dissolves his excuses, undermines his anger, and secures attention.

The salesman who fought apathy by

dressing up the janitor and introducing him to an unresponsive prospect as "my sales manager," was certainly unethical, but he showed that he realized the attention-drawing quality of a third person in making a sale. This salesman knew that he would never come away with the prospect's money until he had caught his positive attention. The presence of the dummy sales manager secured that, and the salesman clinched a sale while the flattered buyer focused his attention on an article that a "high-priced" sales manager told him he needed.

The introduction of a third person into a sale in this manner is a common practice among salesmen in their efforts to secure attention. But the third person, unlike the masked window washer of this story, is usually all that the salesman claims for him.

One sales manager makes it a point so to time his visits to salesmen that he drops in on them when they are about ready to close up a big deal. While he does not assume any of the salesman's rights, his presence inspires the prospect with a flattering attention that could be secured in no other way.

A sales manager for an office appliance recognizes the "third person" as a principle of salesmanship, and actually spends most of his time lending moral support to the efforts of his salesmen. Among small prospects the subtle flattery of the sales manager's presence is one of the most potent forces toward a successful sale. With the more important prospects, the sales manager may take entire charge of closing up the contract. This sales manager never lets an opportunity pass to help his salesman break the ice. He has found that it pays with orders, perhaps otherwise not secured.

A young scales salesman, calling on a city grocer, had been ordered out of the store. The next morning, supported by his sales manager, he advanced to the second attack. They were scarcely over the threshold when

the agitated grocer saw them. Anger, simmering from the day before, boiled over.

"I thought I told you to keep out of here," he shouted at the salesman. "I don't want any of your scales, and I told you so. Now you get out of that door. Go!"

"We didn't come here to be insulted," the sales manager cut in at the proprietor. "I came here to buy groceries. Get out your pencil and take this order," he continued, as he drew a ten-dollar bill from his pocket.

"But I didn't know!" protested the shop-keeper, eyeing the money.

"Shut right up," snapped the sales manager, "and take this order."

When the order was on paper, the grocer was still mumbling his apologies. The sales manager had twisted his anger into attention and was now ready to broach the sale.

"Mr. Wilkes," he said, "I came in here to talk to you like a gentleman, and you know how you treated me. There is just one way that you can apologize to me, and I'm going to give you the chance. My office is at 69 Winthrop Street. Come over there and I'll show you how one gentleman should treat another. I don't care whether you buy a scale or not; I just want to give you an example or business courtesy."

"I'll come," said the unhappy merchant.

"When?"

"This afternoon."

"What time?"

"Two o'clock."

"All right, see that you keep your appointment. I'll be waiting for you."

The grocer was prompt, and within an hour the sales manager, with his suave manner, had sold him two machines.

The sales manager afterward admitted that some men would have kicked him and his money into the street, but a slight knowledge of the grocer's reputation precluded that possibility.

"I'm going to steal \$100 from you," were the electrifying words flashed at a manufacturer by a salesman for an accounting device.

"What's that?" exclaimed the executive who had a vinegar reputation for souring salesmen. "Make out a voucher to me for \$100 and I'll show you how easy it is to carry eleven times that amount into the street."

The manager filled in the voucher, and the salesman, with the same pen, raised the check to one hundred and ten dollars, hurried the voucher to the voucher clerk for an O.K., received the money from the cashier and laid it on the astonished prospect's desk before the ink had dried on the order.

The salesman had riveted the prospect's attention from the moment he opened his door; it was only a detail of salesmanship to show the manufacturer how impossible were such occurrences after the installation of his accounting device.

Two schemes for securing attention, more familiar to salesmen, were those used by a typewriter agent. On one occasion he had just presented his card to the buyer of a large corporation. "We have made a year's contract for our office appliances," the buyer said as he absent-mindedly tore the paste-board into bits.

Instantly, the salesman slipped another card into the buyer's hand and said, "You owe me two cents, Mr. Brown. Those cards cost a penny each." The thoughtless buyer was disarmed, and the salesman secured an audience through the very act of dismissal. As the aggressor, the salesman plans every move. Thus he takes advantage of the defensive buyer.

Tactics bordering downright bullying sometimes secure attention where every other means will fail. For three years a china salesman had been trying to lure a small dealer to the sample room. On the sixth visit, the salesman's salutation was studied.

"What would you do, Mr. Bartle, with a big business?"

With a snort of rage, the storekeeper pulled his feet from the top of his desk, crumpled a newspaper in his fist and shouted, "Big business? I've got a big business. Why, sir, this is the biggest—"

But the salesman knifed pride with this: "You've got the rottenest store in town and I don't wonder at it. You've cooped yourself up until you don't know a Meskin pattern from a Grinley."

By this time buyer and seller were shouting and disputing, face to face. When the word war was over, salesman and merchant understood each other for the first time. The salesman had forced attention by puncturing a shell of indifference which the dealer for years had successfully presented to strange salesmen.

In a similar way, a shoe salesman secured an audience, although he did not realize until afterwards that his own fit of anger was responsible for his success. In three years of travel, he had been unable to show his samples to a central shoe dealer.

Picking leaders that he felt would incite the dealer's interest, he threw them into a tray, and started for the store.

As usual, the shoe man sat behind a high desk in the rear of his store, and as usual he repeated: "No, I won't look at your samples to-day. You people haven't got anything I want."

As the injustice of the buyer's attitude swept over the salesman, he lost control of himself and deserted every principle of salesmanship when he exclaimed, "How do you know what we have? You have refused to even look at my samples. But you will look at them." And with that he dumped tray and shoes on the top of the dealer's desk.

Before the wrangle was over, a working shoe caught the dealer's eye. His protestations died away and within an hour he had placed an order.

Strong personality always commands attention, but more than this is sometimes required. An insurance solicitor backed up his appearance so cleverly that in competition with a dozen rivals, he carried away an application at the first call.

As pompous and as faultlessly groomed as the bank president upon whom he was about to call, he followed the page to the glass door and a chair at the prospect's desk. Grudging even a "good morning," he stared for a full minute at the fifth button on the president's checked waistcoat.

At the moment the president swung from his work, the insurance salesman matched eyes with his prospect and exclaimed, "Mr. Wright, do you realize that your \$125,000 of insurance policies are worth only \$30,000 in actual protection?"

That was a startling and attention-forcing question to the banker, but to the salesman the answer was simple. All he now had to do was to show the interested banker that his policies were so near expiration that their actual protection only amounted to the difference between the face value of the policies and what the banks had paid on them. The insurance salesman had lifted his strongest sales argument into the introduction of his sales talk for the sake of riveting the prospect's attention at the first word.

But it isn't always first attention that the salesman has the most difficulty in securing. He may be well launched into his sales talk when the prospect's eyes take the fatal shift. A book salesman fortifies himself for this with a paper bundle. Slipping into a chair at the prospect's side he lays the package on the desk. As he warms to his selling talk he nervously shoves it from side to side. The prospect's curiosity is finally so thoroughly aroused that he bursts out: "What have you got in that package?"

Instantly, the salesman snaps off the rubber band and says, "These, Mr. Brown, are our A1 bindings. The green leather is the most popular this

year, but, of course, I want you to choose for yourself."

Another salesman, by harnessing some of his college psychology, secures attention through what he calls "ocular suggestion." Every salesman comes in contact almost daily with the buyer who, because he is buying, feels, and sometimes expresses, a certain contempt for the seller. As this salesman instinctively feels this state of mind taking root in the buyer's prejudices, he unconsciously pulls three or four gold pieces from his pocket, absent-mindedly running them through his fingers, as he shoots his sales talk at the awed buyer.

With this display, an invariable process of reasoning flashes through the buyer's mind. "This fellow has money. He doesn't need mine. He is as prosperous as I." Thus the buyer's feeling of superiority is instantly dispelled and the salesman's talk again draws him to the proposition.

Money also magnetized the buyer's attention in the scheme used by a cash register salesman. "Mr. Smith, it costs you sixty per cent. to buy your goods," this salesman said as he pulled ten dimes from his pocket and threw six into the waste-basket. "And it costs you thirty per cent. to sell them," he continued, as three more coins rattled to the bottom of the basket. "This little dime represents your profit—ten per cent.—on every dollar you spend. Every bit of carelessness and dishonesty among your clerks cuts into this ten per cent. Now I am going to show you how you will absolutely know that you are getting this tenth part of every dollar you spend."

The ten dimes pictured a graphic representation of costs and profits. The salesman got the buyer's attention in two minutes after his introduction and, like the insurance man, nailed the prospect's attention by exposing his most clinching argument at the very start of his selling talk.

A clothing salesman forced the attention of a buyer by appealing to his

bargain-hunting instinct. When the buyer arrived at the deserted hotel sample room, his eyes instantly swept to a pile of suits, thrown under a table.

Here a moment later, the salesman found him on his knees, rummaging the clothing. "What are these, out?" the dealer asked as he bit a loose thread.

"By George, trust you to dig up a bargain," exclaimed the salesman. "No, they are not 'outs,' but I received word from the house this morning, saying that they were sold out on this cloth, and wouldn't know for a week if more could be secured this season. But if you want some of them I'll take your order, to be filled if we get the goods." The dealer smiled a bargain and bought instantly the goods the salesman knew were the best for his town. This salesman knew the proclivities of his prospect. By appealing to bargain instincts in a distinctive way, the salesman forced attention on the balance of his samples.

There are times when a salesman is forced to resort to downright circus methods in securing the buyer's attention. A brush salesman learned of the opening of a new store and jumped a hundred miles with two grips of samples. In the larger, he had placed all his medium-priced brushes. In a small, black bag he had placed only his quality brushes. This bag he placed, unopened, in the centre of the sample room. The samples from the larger case were spread on the tables.

Beginning on the cheaper grades, he worked the new dealer down through the line until he was sure he had sold him absolutely to the limit from stock he had exposed, and yet the buyer was not properly supplied for a Christmas opening.

During the course of the sale, the salesman had noisily stumbled over the black bag in the middle of the room at least a half dozen times. And

finally, with the buyer just ready to leave, the salesman sprawled flat over the bag. The buyer's curiosity broke its bounds. "What have you got in that bag?" he shouted. "The best brushes we manufacture," gasped the salesman as he dusted off his clothes and opened up his choicest samples. "I put these in my personal grip and had nearly forgotten them."

When the buyer left, the salesman had booked the biggest order in five years of travel.

A mill-trained silk salesman uses about the same methods when he steps into the dry goods store. "I want to have a little talk with you, Mr. Bailey," he says. "I have been in the business from mill to grip all my life, and there is nothing I like to talk about better than silks. But I don't pretend to know it all. The most of my experience has been in the factory, I am learning something every day from the fellow who sells it over the counter.

"Let's get together for a little talk. You can probably learn something from me, and I am sure you can give me pointers."

This merchant and salesman immediately get together on a subject of mutual interest. The salesman tactfully leads around to a description of his mill, its facilities, its tests and checks, and lets him in on a few of the semi-secret tests with which only a mill man is, as a rule, familiar.

This salesman says that he has talked two hours beyond the lunch hour with merchants whom he could, perhaps, have interested in no other way.

And in gaining attention, that is the first requisite—getting on common ground. You can't talk up to the buyer. You can't talk down to him. Both must be on the same level. These salesmen know this. Attention prefaces every sale. Usually, your proposition and personality secure it. If not you must force the buyer's attention.

Why Every Salesman Should be a Writer

The Immense Advantages Possessed by a Man Who Can Write a Good Letter, With Some Maxims as to How He Can Attain Proficiency in the Art.

By JAMES H. COLLINS

The one calling I know anything about is writing.

This was definitely selected, about ten years ago, as the thing I wanted to do, and I have nursed it through its baby troubles, and refused to leave it on a doorstep when something more attractive appeared for the moment, and like any other calling clung to with a little faith and a good deal of love and a very great deal of hard work, it has developed like a baby, or a business, and paid returns on the investment, as well-brought-up babies and businesses do.

Business men seem to like what I write, and to get fresh viewpoints from it, and sometimes ask if I have not had wide experience in many lines—have I not sold goods, or come in contact with mill-folks, or at least swept out a bank? And the reply is, uniformly, that I have had no practical experience of business whatever. For six years or more I wrote half of each number of a weekly advertising journal, yet never wrote a real advertisement, or placed a dollar's worth of advertising. Sometime ago a sales-manager in the supply trade was keenly disappointed to learn that I had never sold supplies on the road. Something in one of my articles had led him to infer that I had, and to think kindly of me as one who had experienced all the sweet as well as the bitter in his particular line, and then got into something better or worse.

"You mustn't jar people in that way," advised a friend who sells bonds. "When they ask such questions, just look wise, and answer. 'Well, the less said about the days when I was in the supply trade the better.' See? Admit that you were

in it for a little while, and got out because you didn't want to force all the other manufacturers into bankruptcy. Use a little tact."

Now, as a matter of truth, it is my business to tell things about business—things done by other men. Telling, or writing, is my trade, and a very distinct one. There is a wide field for the teller in our American business life. The man who does the thing well can by no means tell it well. So long as I am permitted to tell of things, I am willing to let abler men do them.

One of the first essentials in a trade like this, of course, is raw material—something to write about. For several years I interviewed business men in many industries, writing news accounts of what they told me. Presently men began to stand out here and there, and it became evident that while one man who handles supplies never has anything happen to him, and cannot tell about it, there is another type of man to whom something interesting happens every hour, and he loves to tell about it. He has definite mental processes that lead him to find out what is going on. He puts two and two together, and draws conclusions, and works up contrasts and high-lights, and turns everything into a striking story that will take hold of anybody he tells it to, even the man to whom nothing ever happens, and create belief and enthusiasm.

Soon it was clear that I needed contact with all men of this sort to be found. To-day I know dozens of them. Some are factory superintendents, others engineers, others purchasing agents, collection attorneys, and so on. But the first ones that I ever

got hold of were salesmen, and to-day salesmen are two to one among these friends.

It took but little study to see how closely the teller and the seller are related to each other in their mutual processes. A good salesman thinks much like a good writer. The average salesman, indeed, far exceeds the average journalist in his grasp of facts and breadth of view. At the point where a writer begins putting his arguments on paper, however, the salesman uses them to convince men and women. He seldom writes what he has thought, and so I have found my field very largely in writing what he and other business men think, and believe, and feel, and would like to write themselves.

As the salesman has meant so much to me in my work, it is only fair that I should give him something in return, if I can, helping him carry his gifts further by putting himself on paper. What form his writing ought to take may be left to himself. He may send vigorous personal letters to his customers. He may write advertising, which is nowadays reaching out for the salesman in so many fields. He may even write general magazine articles, for the way in which he popularizes commodities and makes a proposition vital to the man in the street is strikingly like the methods used by a writer in interesting an audience of several million people. If I can point out to him a path of development, he will not lack energy to follow it if there seems to be value there for him, nor be at a loss to know what to do with facility, once acquired.

Writing is a fearfully self-conscious business at the outset. The beginner has feelings akin to stage-fright when he reflects that what he is putting on paper is to be read by others—maybe. If he is a college man, he has been impressed with the need for following masters, and probably taken a course in the noble art of writing without having anything to say. Hundreds of books tell him how to do it, and what to avoid.

The only way in this world to overcome these early difficulties is to write, write, write. The present scribe knows only one fact in grammar, namely, that a noun is a name, and this has never been of the slightest use to him. For months he wrote like Stevenson, Carlyle, Emerson and other safe masters, until the pressure of writing several hundred thousand words a year for a living left no time for that nonsense. As soon as it was possible to forget writing, grammar and style, then it was possible to think, and to be chiefly concerned with getting views before readers forcefully, even if they couldn't be parsed. As with an actor or after-dinner speaker, when the whole soul is directed to getting right at the audience, and warming it up, then one cares not whether his dress-tie is crooked, and his knees tremble no more.

The salesman has one prime advantage over the professional writer at the outset—he is already a thinker, and has something to say.

Last spring, when Lincoln's centenary was observed, critics speculated as to how our great War President learned to write his strong, clear English. That a rail-splitter should have been a master of prose was regarded as mysterious. But Lincoln was a thinker, debater, trial lawyer. If ever a man made his way on convictions, it was he, and those convictions he literally sold, in the broad sense, to juries, campaigns, audiences, voters, and finally the whole American people. The one mystery in his pure English, and that he doubtless got from the Bible, and by being born before the days of the deadly college course in literature.

Napoleon was another master of the same type. His general orders to the French army are the sort of stuff that, in another form to-day, make a man reach down for his pocket-book.

The salesman, therefore, has certain of the arts of writing already developed, and his chief problem is to

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One of the most durable features of the Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe is that it will keep on **PULLING** itself up as you move. Every movement shows your shoe-off it is to keep motion in place. There's why every housewife—and her husband—should know about this.

Onward Sliding Furniture Shoe

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IT NEVER PULLS OFF! Moreover, the Onward Shoe does **NOT** tear carpet, matting or cloth, or it may use rubber mat or smooth polished wood floor, so it is perfectly **harmless** when all furniture is moved. The Onward Shoe is made in all sizes and styles to suit all kinds of furniture—bedroom, parlor, etc. It is a very interesting, beautiful, and useful thing. You'll enjoy using it. Write for a copy.

The Onward Manufacturing Co., Berlin, Ont.

Every advertisement on this page **WORTH** Your Attention.

learn to adapt them to a different audience and a different medium.

Let us assume that it would be advisable for him to send a good genial form letter to his personal trade, and indicate some of the points to be followed in writing it.

The salesman's audience is usually one person. He has that person right there to play upon, and can shape his argument accordingly. If the audience has a weak point, or a strong one, that may be the place to strike.

When the salesman puts his selling arguments into a form letter, they must be broadened and diversified a bit. Let him begin by thinking of three or four people he sells to regularly, and considering their cardinal vices or virtues. To Skinner, he sells because Skinner is greedy, and likes profit. There must be a line or two in the letter shot right straight at Skinner's greed. To Merriman, on the other hand, he sells because Merriman is proud of his carriage trade, and so there must be two or three lines of definite carriage trade appeal.

This may seem to open up prospects of a pretty long letter, if one must make a personal appeal to all the different varieties of customers. But when one's customers are well analyzed it will be found that there are not so many varieties. The young doctor just entering practice writes prescriptions a foot long. But the old practitioner gets through the year and treats everybody with not more than a dozen specifics.

Now, when a letter is built on such a skeleton, Skinner is not only interested in what you say to him, but that gives him confidence in what you say to Merriman and others, and the reverse. All of us look at written and printed matter to find some assurance, however slight, that the fellow who is talking knows a little about us personally. If he can put his fingers on our pet vice or virtue, we willingly take his word for other matters.

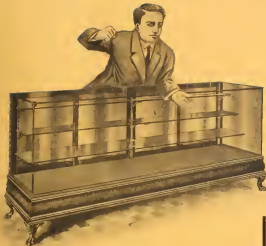
The first operation in approaching a customer in the flesh is to link him to us by some direct bond of sym-

pathy. Every capable salesman knows how to do this, and has doubtless been surprised very often to see how strong a bond may be made of a slight bit of tact, such as telling Skinner that he looks well, or assuring Merriman that his store ought to be in the swell shopping district of New York instead of there in Centreville.

It is the simplest thing in the world to put these little bits of tact into form letters.

Not long ago a life insurance man sold me a policy through two letters. First he wrote and stated that he had something extra special to lay before a few of his friends, which is an appeal hard to withstand. When I asked for particulars, he replied congratulating me on being one of the sensible fellows. The mechanism was as clear to me as the movement of a skeleton watch, yet it worked just as certainly.

Another instance where a touch of warmth was infused into a cheap form letter came to my notice several years ago. A building and loan society to which I belong sends interest cheques twice a year to members, with a form letter. This letter was palpably printed on a printing press, and would have deceived nobody. But down in one corner a few words were written in blue pencil. "I trust that you and yours are well, and wish you a prosperous New Year." It was signed with the initials of an officer who is known personally to many members. I was touched by the thought that this officer had hunted out my form letter from several thousand others and written me this kindly greeting. Next day I went into the society's offices to tell him so. And there, on a counter with other printed matter, were the remnants of those form letters, and they all had this same blue penciled greeting, for it was printed on! I shook hands with him anyway. The odd thing about such touches is that there is a good deal of personal feeling left in them even when you can stand apart and see the wheels go round.



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